

\$5.95
BOOK
BONUS

His wife raped... loot stolen... buddy murdered. Now he was ready to even the score

THE MAN WHO FOUGHT

Las Vegas' Mad-Dog Heisters

"Powerful action"—PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY

CC
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MEN

No. 1 in newstand sales growth among men's magazines 50¢ 60¢ IN CANADA



Dr. Stanley Whelan's new study
'FORBIDDEN' SEX and
NORMAL WOMEN

Frank interviews
probe their
changing
attitudes
P. 40

Enslaved Yank Kevin Chase's escape from the 'Basters'— AFRICA'S OUTCAST TRIBE OF WHITE SAVAGES

New York's Fantastic
'House of the Red Lights'
—The girls take you on an intimate tour

TRUE 1971 Survival
Hijackers grabbed his ship, tossed him overboard
"I Rode The Pacific in a Wooden Coffin"

BOOK BONUS

Las Vegas'
Mad-Dog Heisters

"GREAT PLOT TWISTS"—THE TIMES



TRUE They terrorized drivers on the Pan-Am Highway
HUNT for the MAN-KILLERS
of 'JAGUAR SWAMP'



A California
nudist camp
was the
battlefield

The Free-Love Girls
Who Started An
'Angel' Cycle War

How Big Insurance Companies
Play You For A Sucker

—their slick tricks exposed

Send For Free Information On How YOU, TOO, CAN OWN A POWER-PACK BODY

Like These Weider Pupils and Champions!



LARRY SCOTT
"MR. AMERICA"
"MR. UNIVERSE"

Twice "Mr. Olympia" winner—Larry stands 5' 7", weighs 265 lbs., and has a bicep of 20" girth! He is considered one of the world's best-built men—but he was a 150-lb. weakling before making his debut! This Can Happen To You Too!



FREDDY ORTIZ
"MR. AMERICA"
"MR. UNIVERSE"

Winner—Freddy stands 5' 9", weighs 185 lbs. of rock-hard muscle. He was a 140-lb. weakling in 1914, and he is considered the best-built man in the world. Yet, he was a 115-lb. skinny weakling before sending in the coupon! Why Not You?



RICKY WAYNE
"MR. EUROPE"
"MR. UNIVERSE"

Winner—Ricky is 5' 8", weighs 195 lbs. of muscular muscle. He arm measures a full 19 1/2", and he is considered the best-built man in Europe today. He won a prize of \$25,000 before sending in the coupon! And He Can Happen To You!



CHUCK SIPES
"MR. AMERICA"
"MR. UNIVERSE"

Winner—Chuck stands 6', weighs 225 lbs., and has a bicep of 20" girth—among the strongest in the world! He was a 140-lb. weakling before sending in the free coupon! Now How About You?

Weider-Pupil
DAVE DRAPER
"MR. AMERICA"
"MR. UNIVERSE"

Winner, and movie-TV star—Dave stands 6' 2", weighs 225 lbs., and owns the largest arms in the world—21" upper-arm, 17" lower-arm! Yet, he was fat and flabby before making the coupon! But Why Wait? Rush!



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virile he-man out of you—with handsome muscles bursting out all over! They will ripple with power, vibrate with energy! And for the first time in your life, men will envy your body—women admire it, because at last you will own a body that brings you fame instead of shame! What I did for Dave Draper "Mr. Universe" winner, and for hundreds of other champions since 1936, I am ready to do for you! A-C-T-I-O-N is the key to strength! Fill out the coupon below NOW! Rush it to me—and in hours, with no charge to you—at my own expense, you too, like Dave Draper did, will start putting an end to your weakness! You have nothing to lose but your weakness! ACT NOW—SUPPLY IS LIMITED!

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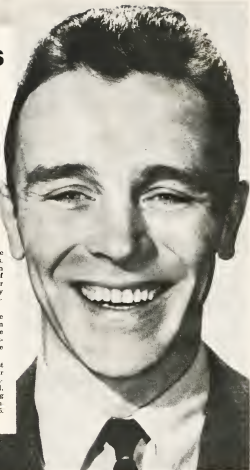
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MEN

JAN.
1972

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Strip Poker — Pg. 26



LOOK FOR THE DIAMOND—THE SYMBOL OF QUALITY IN MEN'S MAGAZINES. IT IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE FRESH, NEW STORIES YOU WANT TO READ. ACCEPT NO IMITATIONS.

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\$5.95 BOOK BONUS

THE MAN WHO FOUGHT LAS VEGAS'
MAD-DOG HEISTERS.....Richard Stark 16
His wife ravaged by the knife-crazed gang leader, his best friend murdered, his loot stolen—all these reasons drove Grofield relentlessly on a cross-country blood vendetta. And anyone who got in his way, he killed.

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CAN YOU HANDLE THE KIND OF FREEDOM THIS JOB GIVES YOU?



You won't see the boss all day—or maybe all week. When most men are punching time clocks, you're just deciding where to go for the day. While others are stuck in one place for 8 hours, you're driving around town in a new, air-conditioned company car. Coffee-break comes when and where you want it. And, when men with ordinary jobs are digging out lunch buckets, you'll be in a pleasant restaurant—with the company picking up the tab.

Sure, you're working, but you set your own schedule. You're outside; on your own and on the move. You're a **professional Accident Investigator** for an insurance company. Your job is to visit people who have had accidents. You take statements. You talk to witnesses. You find out what happened and why. You settle cases by handing out checks to pay accident claims, if valid. **You do absolutely no selling.** You receive a professional-level salary, a company car for business and personal use, an expense account, free insurance benefits. But that's only the beginning. As an Accident Investigator you are part of the **biggest business in the world today!** Pay raises come fast. The promotion route is wide open. Other companies try to hire you away at higher pay because trained men are urgently needed everywhere—in cities, towns, rural areas.

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Henry Babb, Ohio



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1. Training Means Money These Days

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Look over the list of fields below. In each, ICS has been training men and women for years. Giving them up-to-date knowledge that will let them advance in their present job... or break into an entirely new field. ICS can do the same for you—starting RIGHT NOW.

2. Jobs in Architecture, Building

ARCHITECTS—Qualify for advanced positions in architectural, engineering offices. ICS courses begin with basics. Knowledge to help prepare for A.I.A. exams. Math, Drawing, Design, Briefing, Model/coll. trades. Write "Architecture" on coupon for FREE booklet.

ARCH. DRAWING—One-course stepping-stone to architecture. Emphasis on drawing practice. No previous experience necessary. Apply now.

CARPENTRY—Largest demand area in building trades. Well over \$40 average hourly wage. Over 20,000 openings yearly. Training needed. Send coupon NOW.

PLUMBING-HEATING—Earn \$4.94 hourly—average for plumbing-heating specialists. ICS course has proven track record. Starts with basics. Mail coupon for FREE Success Kit.

3. Art Talent Sought

COMMERCIAL ARTISTS—Experienced artists earn \$175 and more weekly. But training is essential. Course starts with fundamentals. Job-related. Personalized instruction. Break into field full- or part-time. Write "Commercial Art" on coupon.

INTERIOR DECORATING—Non-technical course for homemaker, home furnishings salesperson. Study carpets, furniture, walls, windows, decor, color, taste. Mail coupon now.

SIGN PAINTING—Course prepares you to break into field. Covers all aspects: layout, design, painting, gliding, screen process. Send coupon for 3 FREE booklets.

SKETCHING & PAINTING—Like to draw? Feed your talent! Get training. For spare-time enjoyment, or use in present line of work. Course starts with basics, covers popular art mediums.

4. Automotive Specialists

AUTO TUNE-UP—The auto repair specialty in greatest demand nationwide. Course assumes no prior knowledge—takes you from basics to finished job. Covers elect. systems. Send coupon for 3 FREE booklets.

MECHANIC (GEN'L.)—700,000 employed, 20,000 openings yearly, and employment on the upswing. Famous ICS course taken by thousands in field. Coupon brings Success Kit.

TRANSMISSION SPECIALIST—If you know how cars, why not become a specialist? Course covers transmission troubles, testing, repairing, overhauling. Auto, standard.

5. Businessmen Make \$\$\$\$

ACCOUNTANTS—20,000 openings a year in this high-pay field. ICS courses cover the basics plus 10 vital accounting specialties. Get information. Send coupon right NOW.

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PROGRAMMERS for digital computers. Space-age specialty. Earn up to \$15,000 yearly. Specialized—training vital. This course gives it.

PURCHASING—Advance to purchasing agent? Break into field? Take this course. Demand for PA's rising. Experienced men earn average salaries of \$8-\$15,000. Send for Success Kit.

SALESMANSHIP—ICS is famous for this course. Covers basics of selling that stay same, no matter the field. 1,000,000 new salesmen needed by 1975. Get started NOW. Write "Salesmanship" on coupon.

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by spare-time study
with ICS

SMALL BUSINESS MGT.—Run your own business. Course tells how. Covers purchasing, merchandising, sales, taxes, accounting, etc.—all you need to know.

TRAFFIC MGT.—Employment forecasts show upward trend for trained traffic people. Course covers entire traffic picture. Prepares you to enter or advance in field. Send coupon today.

6. Chemistry

CHEM. ENGINEERS—Youngest engineering field, expanding with industrial development. Course prepares you for registration exams. Also for breaking into chemical design, development or production departments. Send coupon for Success Kit. It tells whole story.

GEN'L CHEM—A good course in gen'l chemistry? What easier way than at home, in spare time. Also covers basic math, physics.

NUCLEAR ENERGY—Course for engineers, technicians, maintenance men who want to enter nuclear field. Covers basic math, physics & chemistry leading to study of radioactivity and nuclear energy.

PLASTICS—Qualify as plastics technician. Take this course. Texts easy to read, written by experts. Mail the coupon for 3 FREE booklets.

PULP, PAPER SPECIALISTS—Course covers engineering to paper machine operator. Demand field, exp'd to increase 75% in next 25 years. Write for information.

7. How to Become a Civil Engineer

CIVIL ENGINEER—Famous course recognized by many states, prepares you to take exams. All aspects of civil engineering. Thousands of graduates. Write now for 3 FREE booklets.

HIGHWAY ENGINEER—Advance in field. Course complete, covers theory, practice. Recognized by many states. Send coupon now.

STRUCTURAL BLUEPRINTS—How to read them. A key to advancement for ironworkers, patternmakers, builders of concrete structures. Mail coupon now.

SANITARY ENGINEERING—Men trained in this field in constant demand. Course covers water treatment—supply, sewerage, eradicating menaces to health. Apply now.

SURVEYING, MAPPING—Course for men who want to enter civil engineering field, but undecided about branch. Texts illustrated, simply written. Personalized instruction. Mail coupon.

8. Draftsmen in Demand

DRAFTSMEN—Over 4000 openings yearly. Senior draftsmen earn average of over \$625/month. Break into field? ICS training in specialized area can help you. Don't delay. Choose field, then dip coupon.

ARCHITECTURAL drafting course covers arch, drawing, house planning, freedom & ornamental drawing, shades & shadows.

ELECTRICAL—Arithmetic, electricity basics, projection drawing, machine sketching, electrical drafting, other subjects.

ELECTRONIC—Math, mechanical drawing, formulae, electricity, electronic & printed circuit drafting, others.

MECHANICAL DRAFTING—Arithmetic, algebra, geometry & trig, projection drawing, mechanical drawing, machine sketching, others.

9. Electronics, Electricity

APPLIANCE SERVICING—More appliances mean more demand for servicemen. ICS gives you know-how worth money from start. Clip coupon for Success Kit.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS—Demand field. Jobs in gov't, industry. ICS training helps worker in field advance to junior, sr. eng'n'g positions. Also helpful in preparing for registration exam. Starts with basics. If you have limited knowledge. Send coupon for 3 FREE booklets.

ELECTRIC MOTOR REPAIRMAN—Course starts with basics, covers AC, DC motors—perfect for would-be maintenance men, or those who seek advancement to supervisor.

INSTRUMENT TECHNICIAN—Specialists in electrical measuring & control equip. will be scarce in years ahead. Take advantage! Course gives training, starting with gen'l principles. Send for Success Kit right away.

PRACTICAL ELECTRICIANS earn an average of over \$5 per hour. Get the know-how! Course covers building wiring, elect. equip't. Helps prepare for licensing, journeyman exams.

INDUSTRIAL ELECTRONICS—Technical-level course—thorough grounding in electronics. Take first step to cracking this rapidly expanding field. Mail the coupon.

ELECTRONICS TECHNICIANS—With 5 yrs. exp., they average \$7500—many earn more!

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13. \$\$\$\$\$ in Mechanics, Shopwork

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INDUSTRIAL ENGINEERING—Advance to higher position in operation/management of industrial plant: this course gives the knowledge you'll need. Also first step to becoming registered eng'n'r. Send coupon.

INSTRUMENTATION—Several thousand new jobs a year in this demand field. A basic course. Write for Success Kit.

MACHINE DESIGN—A technical field itself, this knowledge is vital to draftsmen, and a big plus for production men, shop workers.

MACHINE SHOP PRACTICE—A basic course, giving overall knowledge of shop oper'n's. Emphasis on practical facts. Personalized instruction. A must for the man who wants to advance. First step? Mail coupon.

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING—Within your grasp a high-pay field where at least 2600 new jobs open yearly. Write for Success Kit.

SHOP PRINTS—And how to read them. An authoritative, factual study. Vital to men who want to advance in shop work. Mail coupon now.

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TEXTILE TECHNICIAN—The job outlook is good—for trained men. Course designed to help you break into field—or advance to management. Write "Textile" on coupon.

TOOLMAKING—The average toolmaker earns \$28 daily. For good reason, he knows a specialized skill. ICS course equips machinists to crack this specialty, where over 4000 jobs open up annually.

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15. Steam, Diesel Power. You're Needed

BOILER INSPECTOR—Course equips you to break into field, inspecting boilers. Subjects include basic science, steam, boiler fundamentals, steam-boiler design, pumps & compressors.

POWER PLANT ENGINEERING—Want to advance to watch or chief engineer? You'll need knowledge this course contains. Mail coupon right away.

16. Wanted—Trained Supervisors

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PERSONNEL-LABOR RELATIONS—Enjoy working with people? ICS course can help you crack personnel field—or advance, if you're already in it. Labor relations also covered. Send coupon for FREE Success Kit.

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HOT LINE ON WOMEN

WHAT ARE THE CHANCES OF PROSTITUTES MARRYING AND REMAINING FAITHFUL TO THEIR HUSBANDS?

Quite good, according to psychologist Kenneth Wagner. "This sex life a prostitute leads with her customers is a completely impersonal one. One call girl puts it this way: "When I am servicing a john, I could be smoking a cigarette for all the difference it makes. But when a prostitute marries, her sex life with her husband is a deeply personal one, perhaps more personal than that of other women. This is partly explained by the prostitute's personal make-up. She may be conditioned to do whatever her pimp tells her to do in her professional life. After marriage, she very often exhibits this same sort of fidelity she had for her pimp to her husband once she leaves the life." Perhaps equally as important is the fact that ex-prostitutes are more tolerant of a husband's infidelity. They have seen much of this during their professional lives and they expect it. The average wife does not accept her mate's infidelity nearly as philosophically. Thus, the average wife is more likely to strike back when it happens, and to strike back by being unfaithful herself."

DOES A VERY TALL WOMAN USUALLY HAVE A LARGER VAGINA THAN A SMALL WOMAN?

No, says Dr. James A. Brant. "There are tall women with small feet and tall women with large feet. The same holds true for vaginas. A five-foot woman may have an inordinately large vagina and a six-foot woman a very tight one."

IN A LIVE SEX SHOW IS THE FEMALE PERFORMER MORE LIKELY TO HAVE GUILT FEELINGS ABOUT WHAT SHE IS DOING THAN HER MALE COUNTERPART?

No, quite the contrary. It is the man who often is "unable" to perform because of a psychological reaction to feelings of guilt. Girls are generally more relaxed and treat the whole thing as a lark. Says one operator of a New York live sex club, "Sometimes our acts are faked. It's easier on the performers that way, but when it's for real it's because the girl wants it that way. But since most of the viewers are voyeurs and masochists, the girls will taunt them by ad-libbing a lot. My girls feel they're the audience, and the spectators are on stage."

HOW DOES A WOMAN'S ORGASM DIFFER FROM A MAN'S?

"It usually takes a woman longer to reach her orgasmic peak than it takes for a man to reach his," Dr. Joseph T. Cain notes. "And a woman is much slower coming down from her peak. Knowledge of both these distinctions are vital for any man who wishes to be a successful—and happy—lover."

SOME WOMEN CAN BE "TURNED ON" BY FOOTPLAY. IS THERE ANY WAY TO SPOT THESE WOMEN?

Dr. Anto Carde says one sure tip-off is the girl who must constantly put nail polish on her toe nails in front of men. She is subconsciously calling attention to the fact that her feet are one of her more erogenous zones and that, according to Dr. Carde, "fondling her feet will probably cause a quick sexual reaction."

WHAT ARE THE CHANCES THAT A SINGLE GIRL GIVING BIRTH TO A BABY WILL WANT TO KEEP IT?

Overwhelming. In California last year, 46,000 single girls gave birth. Almost half were less than 20 years old and about 99 percent decided to keep their children. It's gotten so "bad" that the proverbial "Home for Unwed Mothers" are suffering what may be called a depression. The Florence Crittenton House, Washington, D.C.'s largest such facility, says that while illegitimate births have increased from one-fifth to one-third in the past 20 years, applications for residence declined by a third. The reason, of course, is greater social acceptance of single motherhood. An ever increasing practice is for unwed mothers now to take their babies along with them when going out on dates.

HOW LONG DO SOME GIRLS HAVE TO GO BEFORE SUCCESSFULLY LOSING THEIR HYMEN?

Some girls have attempted intercourse for a year or more before finally succeeding at losing their hymen. Dr. Anthony Morino cites the case of C. who said, "I'd tried with more than a dozen boys since my seventeenth birthday. When I finally made it, it really hurt. But I was glad. It had taken me a year, but when I was 18, I was no longer a technical virgin."

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"Your course afforded me the position as Ranger-in-Charge of an area, and my present position." David E. Heck, Asst. Park Sup., Elk Neck State Park, Maryland.

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MEN'S NEWSLETTER MEN'S NEWSLETTER

SHORT SHOTS

PROSTITUTES CAN NO LONGER BE PROSECUTED IN ITALY—ONLY THE PEOPLE WHO MAKE PROFITS FROM THEIR LABORS. THAT MEANS TROUBLES FOR THEIR PIMPS AND THE HOTEL KEEPERS WHO RENT QUICKIE ROOMS. . .

Newest word from the headshrinkers: Girls who only have sex with long-haired lovers aren't probably all that good. In fact, the theory goes, they are probably exhibiting latent lesbianism by preferring men with girl-line hair. . .

PLASTIC SURGEONS DOING GREAT BUSINESS WITH NOW TAMED-DOWN GIRLS WHO HAD "PROPERTY OF JOHNNY SO-AND-SO" TATTOOED ON THEIR BACKSIDES. THE POOR GIRLS DISCOVERED SOME HUSBANDS JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND. . .



Sleep-in maid

EASIEST WOMAN FOR A MAN TO MAKE IS A MAID WHO WORKS IN HIS HOUSEHOLD. MAIDS ARE NO MORE HIGHLY SEXED THAN ANY OTHER FEMALE GROUP, BUT MANY CAN'T RESIST "STEALING" SOMETHING FROM THE WOMAN THEY WORK FOR. . .

Customs inspectors report there are some women who deliberately act suspicious so their luggage will get searched. Seems they feel powerful sexual emotions when their bras and panties are being handled—and they put underwear on top of every suitcase they have with them. . .

SCIENCE IS ON TO A SIMPLE METHOD OF MALE FERTILITY CONTROL THAT WOULD INVOLVE THE WEARING OF VARIOUS CLOTHS OVER THE GENITALS WITH A CONSEQUENT LOWERING OF SPERM PRODUCTION. . .

Warning to Lover Boys: Some men definitely carry on the petting routine too long. Kinsey found out that a woman's interest—or ability—at petting has little to

do with her complete sexual behavior. And Dr. Eugene Kastle warns: "If petting becomes more than a form of foreplay to the female, her need for intercourse can lessen." . .

THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION ISN'T OVER. CONSIDER THIS PROPOSAL OF NICHOLAS SCHOFFER, WORLD-RENOUNDED SCULPTOR, PAINTER AND CITY PLANNER. HE SAYS HE WANTS TO DESIGN THE FUTURE'S "CENTERS FOR SEXUAL AMUSEMENT AND RELAXATION." THERE, HE SAYS, "PEOPLE WILL BE ABLE TO DANCE, OR LIE DOWN ALONG SIDE EACH OTHER, OR AMUSE THEMSELVES WITH EACH OTHER. EVERYONE WILL FEEL PERFECTLY FREE TO DO WHATEVER IT IS HE OR SHE ENJOYS—IT WILL ALL BE ONE ENORMOUS FESTIVAL OF THE SENSES." . .

UNDER THE HOOD

NEW RACKET: "SPINNERS" WHO SERVICE AUTO-RENTAL CUSTOMERS AND TURN BACK THE ODOMETER SO THAT THE LEASING PRICE GOES WAY DOWN. GOOD SPINNER CHARGES \$10 BUT HE EARNS IT. LEASING-COMPANIES' ODOMETERS ARE TOUGHEST OF ALL TO ALTER. . .

IF YOU NEED SOME GASOLINE SOME LATE NIGHT, THERE'S USUALLY NEARLY A GALLON OR SO IN THE HOSES OF STATIONS THAT HAVE CLOSED FOR THE NIGHT. . .

It's definitely a life-saver. In those states that make cycle riders drive with headlights blazing in broad daylight, auto-bike accident rates have dropped way down. Car drivers do take more notice. . .



It's a life-saver in daytime, too

(Continued on page 42)

NEW YORK'S FANTASTIC 'BORDELLO OF THE

A guided tour with some of the 150 women of every

RED LIGHTS'

race, color and nationality that made this house unique

By JACK LAWSON



It was the most extraordinary book I'd ever read in my life. No oil-rich sheik was ever promised as much by his harem as this book compiled by the bordello I was visiting promised me. Some of it read this way:

Susan S.: 22, blonde, secretary, five-foot-two, 35-22-34, small waist, good legs. Cute and friendly. Specialties: Anything you want, internal muscle manipulation. Small vagina, very energetic. Likes vigorous but gentle men.

And like this:

Karen V.: 25, brunette, stewardess, five-foot-five, 36-24-36, long legs, excitable breasts. Warm and sexy. Specialties: multiple positions and oral sex. Performing oral sex on men especially turns her on. Likes domineering men. Has frequent, intense orgasms. Will perform any act. Will service women also. Doesn't mind onlookers.

And this:

Paula W.: 21, black, five-foot-six, 36-23-34, long hair, willowy, college student. Tender and motherly. Specialties: massages, oil rubs. Great at foreplay. Highly excitable, but can go all night. Enjoys mutual masturbation. Likes talkative men.

There were about 150 such descriptions in the book, which was a black loose-leaf. And all of the women in it, I was to learn, were available to customers of the bordello, which was called "The Bordello of the Red Lights," and which was probably the most imaginative place of its kind that I had come across in 10 years of writing about

The bordello's women were as attractive and different as the beautiful women shown on these pages, who are being emotive for filmmakers



Vice Squad House Call; Nab Coeds

Queens District Attorney Thomas MacLeod today announced a raid on a house that he said wasn't a house and he arrests eight — some of them college students — allegedly involved in a "Latin-type bordello," replete with red lights in the windows.

Some tried to imitate the Bordello of Red Lights. One that failed is described in this N.Y. Post clip. 13



BORDELLO

From the outside, the house looked much like this. The red lights were inside the hallway, and could be seen from the street through windows in the door.

The basement of the house featured, among other things, a pool where the girls and their customers swam in the nude, like this woman is preparing to do.

sex. "Enjoying yourself?" asked Kathy, a doll of a blonde who had brought me to the bordello.

"This is some place you work in," I said by way of reply.

"I figured you'd think so," she said.

"I'd like to meet some of the women in this book," I said.

"That can be easily arranged," she said. "But it will have to wait until I get finished with you."

The house, the "Bordello of the Red Lights"—and I'll explain how it got its unusual name later—was, until last August, located in New York City, in an area called the Upper West Side. While most out-of-towners usually hear about the flashy, boy-meets-girl, single-sex scene on New York's East Side, and about hip, bohemian Greenwich Village, not many of them know anything about the West Side. Yet it is an area populated by an incredible diversity of people—wealthy businessmen; well-to-do professionals; college students and professors; European expatriates; Latin American exiles; the rich; the poor; people of all colors and political persuasions. It is easily the most sophisticated area of the city, the place where people are most willing to live-and-let-live. It's the perfect place for a house of pleasure.

It was Kathy—the very same one who worked in the house—who introduced me to it. Strangely enough, I met Kathy under very innocent circumstances—in the laundromat where I take my wash every Saturday morning. For weeks we'd bump into each other, since we came there at just about the same time. During those weeks we became pretty good friends. Finally, one Saturday morning I asked her for a date. She said she was busy that night—in fact she was busy every night—but

said I could see her at such-and-such a place, and gave me the address. When I told her my idea of a date wasn't watching a girl working, she smiled and said, "My kind of work you'll enjoy—especially since you often write about sex subjects."

Perplexed, and more than curious, I agreed to visit her at her place of work. So, two nights later, I paid my first visit to the address that Kathy had given me: It was a bordello that was located in a once-lavish brownstone: a brownstone that looked like all the other brownstones in the area except for one thing—four decorative red lights at the entrance way.

I was met at the entrance by a pleasant-looking woman—one I would never suspect was a hooker or who worked in a bordello—and was led into a sumptuous, softly-lit living room. There was a bar at one end, and two or three couples were dancing to soft, slow music.

After seating me in the room, my hostess disappeared, going to look for Kathy. While she was gone, I spotted the black loose-leaf book that described the girls available for customers—and the girls' preferences and specialties. I leafed through it until Kathy showed and asked me if I was enjoying myself.

I dropped the subject of the book when Kathy told me she didn't want to discuss other girls until she had had her fill of me. Or rather, I tried to drop the subject but couldn't for I found it intriguing. So soon I was saying, "There must be more than 150 women listed in that book. But they all couldn't be working here. The place isn't big enough, is it?"

"Of course it isn't," Kathy said. "The girls in that book are all available, though. They're on



It was not difficult for a man to arrange a three-in-a-bed session, like the one pictured above. In fact, some of the girls preferred the arrangement.

The bordello was really a sex hotel. The girls—fiance amateurs—paid for facilities and rooms like this out of what they received from their customers.



call. You pick one and we set a date for you in this place."

"That's lovely."

She smiled. "It's more than that. These are all great-looking girls—no hard, old pro hookers. We've got show girls, stewardesses, college girls, secretaries, housewives, you name it. That's what makes this place special. We're all part-timers here. No one works full time; that's not our bag. Most of us do it just for survival money, like me. As you know, I'm an actress. A lot of the girls here are out of work because of the recession, the stewardesses especially. So this is survival bread. You can work and still collect unemployment. Or for those going to school, it's pocket and rent money. For the housewives, well, it's pin money. It's a good deal. It's kept us going."

"Why all work out of one house?" I wondered.

"For many reasons," she answered. "First of all, it's fun working here. It has a great atmosphere. It's a friendly place, sort (Continued on page 64)



The greatest lover ever to use the bordello was a sailor from the Mid-West. In the article, the girls tell what made him so good.

THE MAN WHO FOUGHT LAS

The knife-crazy gang leader had raped his wife, stolen his loot and murdered his best friend. Now, after tracking him halfway across the country, he was ready to even the score. But the ambush he set turned into his own death trap

THE goon in the turtleneck shirt patted Grofield all over, while Grofield stood with legs slightly apart and arms extended straight out at his sides, like an illustration in an exercise book. The goon had bad breath. Grofield didn't suggest anything to him, and after a minute the frik was done and the goon said, "Okay, you're clean."

"Naturally," Grofield said. "I came here to talk."

The goon made no response. He'd been hired as a doorman, and that was it. "They're in the other room," he said. Grofield went on into the other room, feeling pessimistic. Myers, the organizer of this thing, and a man Grofield didn't know, had set himself up in a two-room suite in the tower section of one of the Strip hotels in Las Vegas. Why would a man spend so much

money on a meeting place? Why meet in Las Vegas in the first place? It hinted of a blow-hard somewhere in the tapestry.

Grofield hoped not. He wasn't going to permit his need to interfere with his common sense and his professional judgment, but the fact was, his need was great. His wife Mary was back home in Indiana, sleeping on the stage of a theatre which was their home. This trip was taking most of Grofield's available capital, after a season of summer stock that any conglomerate would have been happy to have for their tax loss. If Myers turned out not to have anything, there were going to be some lean winter days until something *did* appear.

A member of an increasingly disappearing breed of professionals, Alan Grofield was an actor who limited (Continued on page 83)

VEGAS' MAD-DOG HEISTERS

By RICHARD STARK

ART BY EARL NOREM



BOOK
BONUS

It was his only chance. He leaped onto the hood of the car, blasting away at the inside through the window.

Reprinted by permission of The World Publishing Company from *IMMONS NEVER LIE* by Richard Stark. Copyright (c) 1971 by Richard Stark.

This photo simulates the dangerous spot Luke Townes found himself in during one moment of his jaguar hunt.

HUNT FOR THE MAN KILLERS OF 'JAGUAR SWAMP'

AS soon as I saw the distinctive jaguar tracks—the ones with the extra claw on each paw—in the soft, swamp mud, my right arm began quivering erratically and uncontrollably. Which was pretty strange considering my right arm had been amputated a year before. The doctors at the hospital had warned me that the nerve endings would act up like that—giving me the sensation that the arm was still there—in moments of stress and excitement. And I was excited now—damn excited. The jaguar who made these distinctive prints in the mud was the jaguar I had been thinking about for a year—the jaguar who caused me the loss of my right arm; the jaguar I had come back to the Agua Bravo swamps in Mexico to kill.

Julio, my Mexican indian guide, stared at the tracks and hissed, "Diablo!" Then he rattled off a string of words I didn't understand, and finally added in English, "This is the jaguar you have been looking for, Señor."

Keith Sansome, the young American tourist I had met in the West Mexican city of Mazatlan,

and who wanted to come along to take pictures of the hunt, unslung his camera. "You ought to be able to track him without too much trouble now, Luke." He snapped several pictures of the paw prints and the three of us started to move on, single-file, through the swamp.

The swamp, which is located in the Mexican state of Nayarit, south of Mazatlan, is 150 miles long. It straddles the Pan-American highway, with mountains on the far side of the highway, and the sea on the other side of the swamp. A tidewater creek runs through the middle of the Agua Bravo swamp and empties into the sea. In this area the jaguars roam freely, at home both in the mountains and the swamp—frequently moving from one to the other, crossing the Pan-Am highway. They are a threat to unlucky tourists they sometimes catch stranded on the highway. I know, because it was while I was stranded on the highway that the cat with an extra claw on each paw attacked me.

Now, as we slogged through the mud in hip-high wading boots, I (Continued on page 68)

For years the huge cats of Mexico's Agua Bravo swamp terrorized drivers who were stranded on the Pan-Am Highway. Then one-armed Luke Townes—who was mutilated by one of them—stalked them to their own lair, in one of the eeriest man vs. beast duels recorded

By LUKE TOWNES

as told to TOM CHRISTOPHER



Above: The village which lived in fear of the jaguars. Townes gave his cat's body to the natives, who use it to ward off evil spirits.



Townes (in rear) and the six-clawed cat who cost him his arm. These photographs were taken by a photographer who accompanied the hunter.



The stretch of the Pan-Am Highway where Townes was first attacked by the six-clawed giant and where the Yank began his stalk.

THE FREE-LOVE GIRLS WHO

IN late July, 1971, one of the strangest "wars" ever waged in the American West was fought in an isolated, former mining town known as Mother Lode, deep in California mountain country. On one side were free-love nudists (who called themselves the Eros Society for Self-Improvement) and their allies—a cycle club hired by the free-love nudists for protection from harassment by outsiders. On the other side were motorcycle rogues hellbent on a booze-and-sex romp at the

free-love nudists' expense. And before the dust had cleared, others—like passing motorists and patrons of a bar not too far from the battlefield—were drawn in.

To understand how all this came about, let's go back to the beginning, when Art and Karen Williams discovered Mother Lode and decided to turn it into a playground for free-love nudists. The discovery of Mother Lode took place in 1967, while the Williams' were exploring the California

(Continued on page 22)

When a band of cyclists heard of the sexually uninhibited girls at Eros, who looked as good as these girls, the gang decided to go after them.



STARTED A BRUTAL CYCLE- GANG WAR

By HAROLD PRINCE

The battlefield was an abandoned California mining town that had been turned into a swinging nudist camp



This photograph recreates a section of the abandoned mining town which the Eros Society turned into a secluded, free-love nudist camp.

This is a simulated scene of the furious battle that took place at the Eros nudist camp between the renegade cyclists, the nudists and the cycle guards the nudists had hired to protect the camp against any intruders.



hinterland in their Ford camper. One day, following a whim, they turned off a black-topped highway for a drive along a dusty, pot-holed dirt road that looked like it led to nowhere. They rode for about seven miles when they saw an outcropping of buildings. A rickety sign posted alongside the road read "Mother Lode," and the arrow pointed straight toward the buildings. Out of curiosity they decided to visit Mother Lode, and thus became one of the few people to do so since 1915.

As they discovered later, Mother Lode

was a booming gold-mining community at the turn of the century. Gold was to be had everywhere in the area—and mine shafts had even been dug beneath the streets of the town. In those bygone days, the inhabitants, naturally, were made up primarily of miners who worked the gold. In addition there had been a few shopkeepers and some prostitutes.

In 1912, the gold ore began to peter out, and the miners, shopkeepers and prostitutes began to leave. Finally, in 1915, the last resident pulled up stakes and Mother Lode became a ghost town.

All that remained of the town when the Williams' stumbled on to it were a cluster of weatherbeaten, ramshackle wooden buildings. Rolling tumbleweed was everywhere. And parts of what once was main street had caved into the mine shafts below.

While wandering about, the Williams' came across a sheriff's notice tacked to the door of a building that must have once served as a town hall. The notice offered the town to anyone willing to pay the county \$7,000 in back taxes.

Here, while reading the notice, Art Williams got the idea to buy Mother Lode in order to start the Eros Society for Self-Improvement, which would combine nudism and free love, two activities the Williams' were familiar with.

The Williams' had been practicing nudists for five years. In nudism they believed they found a way to live the most natural and healthful life. In addition, they were part of the swinging California wife-swapping scene, convinced that swinging was one of the surest ways for men and women to rid themselves of their sexual inhibitions and the effects of restrictive

(Continued on page 60)

CYCLE-GANG WAR



The pictures above and below recreate the escapes of two of the free-love girls, who went in search of outside help. One sought help on a motorcycle and found it. The other jumped semi-nude in a jeep, and looked like this when she found men at a roadside bar willing to come to the aid of the beleaguered nudists.



A few of the cycle-gang members after being hauled out of the cave-in — and before being shipped to a hospital for treatment. The picture was taken by one of the nudists.

**THEIR
SLICK TRICKS
REVEALED...**

HOW THE INSURANCE COMPANIES PLAY YOU FOR A SUCKER

By D. BOGEN

FOR years, the nation's insurance companies have cried poverty whenever complaints were made about the callous way they treat the public, insisting that they've been losing staggering sums because of excessive policyholder claims. Actually, this is, in most cases, nothing but a blatant lie or a vicious distortion of the truth. What is true is that the country's insurance companies—and the giants in particular—have racked up unprecedented profits at their policyholders' expense during the past 20 years. And in the process, the insurance industry has gone on to become the richest industry in the world.

Shocking? Well, here are some more facts about the "poverty-stricken" insurance industry sure to shock you:

● As reported recently (*Continued on page 76*)

The industry is full of "respectable" companies selling all kinds of insurance designed to fleece, shortchange and steal from policyholders. To protect yourself, read this article carefully before buying another insurance policy of any kind

"I RODE THE PACIFIC IN A WOODEN COFFIN"

1971's MOST
INCREDIBLE
SURVIVAL


The cut-throats thought it was a big joke to set them adrift in coffins among man-eating sharks. But the macabre joke returned to haunt them



By MARK PETERSON
ART BY ED VEBELL

ON the morning of August 19, 1971, the 36-foot ketch, *Gambler*, closed in on the only dock on the South Pacific atoll of Makatea. Lined along the dock, anxiously waiting to greet the *Gambler*, were Polynesian natives and a handful of whites—the whole population of the sleepy atoll, which is a part of the Loyauté Islands complex. The anxiety of the greeters was understandable for the *Gambler*, which was more than two weeks overdue, was their only contact with the outside world except for a short-wave radio operated by a missionary priest. They depended on the ship to bring in their mail and vital supplies and take off their main export, copra.

Perhaps the most anxious of all those waiting at the (Continued on page 72)



HE crossed the state line into Texas shortly after noon driving a souped-up Lincoln he had won playing seven-card stud with a Tennessee bootlegger. By two P.M. he was in McCall for the first time in three years.

Mullens, you son of a bitch, I'm back, he said to himself.

He got out of the car at a Howard Johnson's motel that had been built during his absence. Not recognizing the woman behind the desk, he signed his name, Bill Condon, and walked toward Room No. 37 with the key cool in his palm. He was a little tight, a little eager. But he'd get over that, he thought as he stripped and got under the shower. He'd had the patience to wait three years for this showdown with Mullens. Now he was going to play his cards without haste, exactly the way he had planned. He owed Mullens a lot for the way he'd humiliated him at cards—for the way he stole Susan from him. And he didn't want to louse things up by acting hastily.

After showering, he lay down for an hour's rest and soon was lost in an old dream. (Continued on page 52)

FICTION FOR MEN

By GEORGE COLLINS

WILD STRIP-POKER GAME AT SUSAN'S PLACE

PHOTO STOPPERS



A HEROIC EFFORT, BUT IN VAIN: While his camper was being enveloped by flames on a North Carolina highway, Joseph Brolet did his damndest to save his small boat, which was tied atop the vehicle. The fire won out.



RIDING FOR A PATRIOTIC CAUSE: Nightclub entertainer Patricia Sand's way to publicize the plight of POW's held in North Vietnam was to ride a horse dubbed POW through Minot, N.D. Natch, the cops stopped her.



"SO I WOKE UP ONE MORNING? AND GUESS WHERE I WAS?" If Alfred Hitchcock's friends won't believe him, he has the photo to prove it. Actually it's a dummy that appears in his most recent film.



THE THINNEST HOUSE IN NEW ORLEANS: It's only five-feet wide, and it got that way because most of the original building had to be cut to allow widening of the adjoining street.



MEET A HOT MERMAID: Her name is Ulla Peterson of Sweden. When temperatures recently soared at Italian beaches, she decided to provide her own remedy for the heat.



SHOOTOUT IN MEXICO CITY: These men, who reporters say are police, fired at students in a recent disturbance in which two died and scores were hurt. City fathers say if they're cops they're acting on their own.



THE BEST SEAT IN THE HOUSE: This bird just had to see the de-activation ceremonies of the 315th Fighter Wing in Vietnam, and picked the best perch to view it from.



GO, GIRL, GO!

Though she's only 20 years old, Linda Francis has already crammed in more living and adventure than most people do in a whole lifetime.

After graduating high school, she took what she calls "a deadly dull job" in an insurance agency. She quit that, and became a civilian secretary with the U.S. Air Force. The trouble was, no one wanted to fly when he knew that Linda was back there on the ground. So, for the good of the country, she quit—and since then has done whatever her heart pleases.

And whatever her heart pleases is pretty off-beat. She was a go-go dancer at a Sunset Strip club, and a model. Once, she was even runner-up in the Miss Nude Universe contest.

Always on the go, she craves excitement. Anyone have any ideas that'll interest her?



The Yank Who Escaped

BLACK AFRICA'S TRIBE OF WHITE SAVAGES

The odds were a million-to-one against his making it back to civilization alive—but he had to take the chance....

By GRANT FREELING
ART BY BRUCE MINNEY



Kevin Chase, shortly after he'd recovered.

FOR the first time in days, Kevin Chase felt elation surge through his gaunt, thirst-wracked body—felt a desire to go on living. For atop a range of rocky hills in the horizon, he could see something that might provide him with a refuge—a stone-walled native village.

At this point, he had been on the move for two weeks, fleeing across Southwest Africa's *Kaukauveld*—a vast, trackless area of sun-baked scrubland. On his trail every agonizing step of the way had been an armed band of *Basters*. Descendants of the area's one-time German rulers and African women, the *Basters*

—which means "bastards" in Afrikaans—were outcasts who had formed a tribe of their own. Settling in an area known as *Basterland* (Bastard Land), they now numbered around 25,000, and nearly all had white skin via selective intermarriage. The *Basters* chasing him were a small, murderous offshoot of the main tribe, and they probably equalled in savagery any black primitive group in the continent's brutal history.

The sight of the stone-walled native village sent new strength through Chase's weary muscles. It probably was a cattle-raising town, he

(Continued on page 34)



Kevin Chase came at his captors with a flaming torch, preferring death to more imprisonment.



Southwest Africa is a vast, desolate country twice the size of California, which is populated by extremely strange peoples and tribes. Among others, are the Bushmen, who are the Stone-Age inhabitants of Africa; the giant Hereros warrior tribes; and the bloodthirsty Tjimbas and Himbas, who hunt their prey with poisoned spears. But the strangest of all the peoples are the Basters (Afrikaans for Bastards), the white, or very-light skinned, descendants of black women and white men. The Basters occupy an area known as Basterland (see map) and live relatively quiet lives today—except for a murderous offshoot whose members are as savage as any savages that have ever roamed the earth.



Basters are the offspring of women like this one and the Germans who controlled the area prior to WWI.

One of the many Baster prisoners who did not escape alive. This body was found being chewed up by vultures when police swooped into the area after Chase revealed what was happening in Basterland.



thought as he staggered onward, the blistering heat of the noon sun pounding down mercilessly on his hunched shoulders. According to the schedule he had set for himself it was supposed to be another two hours before he took another carefully rationed sip of the tepid water he carried in the hollow rind of a sausage fruit. However, with rescue in sight, he finally broke his self-imposed rule and thirstily swallowed mouthfuls of the liquid. When he had finished drinking, less than half an inch of water lay at the bottom of the improvised container.

After what seemed hours, Chase reached the base of the hill where he had seen the buildings. He called out for help in a hoarse voice, but received no answer. So with fear tightening around his heart, he started to climb the steep rise. Sharp rocks tore at his hands as he crawled upward, his breath rasping his throat and lungs like sandpaper.

At last, he pulled himself over the edge of a cliff, and forced himself erect. Now, at the top of the hill, he looked about for the houses he had spotted from the plain below—and immediately knew that he was doomed. "Oh, my God," he croaked hoarsely. "It's a Farnville!"

Instead of buildings, all his stunned eyes saw were mounds of huge, almost perfectly square blocks, balanced one atop another. From the distance, they had looked exactly like buildings. He had been the victim of an illusion that had deceived hundreds of travellers in this desolate region. The so-called "towns" had first been spotted by the 19th-Century explorer Gilarni Farini, who had mistakenly claimed that he had found the remains of a lost civilization. His error had given the "discoveries" its mocking name—"Farnivilles."

Kevin Chase sank down against the side of one of the "buildings," overcome with despair. He knew this was the end. With his food and water gone, he couldn't hope to live more than

(Continued on page 79)

KEYHOLE ON THE WORLD



A close-up on strange, out-of-the-way happenings around the globe

WATER BED WAVE

Not since love beads and peace buttons has any item in the world of the long-haired young sold as fast as water beds. Despite scare stories of collapsing floors, electrocutions and seasick sleepers, manufacturers of the water-filled plastic bags are producing several thousand a week and are aiming at the middle-class market and permanence.

Their big-business competitors—the people who make the innerspring mattress most Americans sleep on—predict the water bed will soon go the way of the hula hoop. But David A. Nagel, the wild-haired, bearded president of Come Together Waterbeds, Inc., thinks his product—in some form—is here to stay. Nagel, who is also president of the recently formed Water Bed Institute, said the industry expects to sell a million beds in 1971.

"We're taking advantage of the young-people market now, but we're crashing straight into the middle class," Nagel said in a recent interview. "It started out with college students and hippies, but in the past two months we've started getting older people, especially those with kids."

Nagel expressed hope that development of a special water-bed heater with Underwriters Laboratory approval will make the beds more acceptable to middle-class buyers. He also noted the increasing market in outdoor water beds for patio or poolside, and sales to national motel chains.

Come Together's plant, in an old warehouse, can produce 2,200 beds a week when its long-haired employees work around-the-clock shifts. The workers cut the beds from rolls of heavy plastic, seam them together a few feet at a time by ultrasonic sound, inspect them by eye and then fold and pack them in boxes for shipment. The firm is one of about 20 making the beds by hand—half of them located in Marin County, across the Golden Gate Bridge from San Francisco.

The industry is frank about its biggest selling pitch—sex. A distant second is the argument that the bed has relaxing and/or "womblike" qualities.

KINK WINK

Doctors' and dentists' patients have different thresholds of reaction to pain. Some can't take a simple test as blood pressure, while others remain calm while a dentist drills sensitive teeth.

It is frequently difficult for doctors and dentists to tell whether a patient really has a severe pain during treatment or is overreacting to a relatively mild stimulus. The type of treatment may depend on the

answer. There are several elaborate devices to measure pain perception experimentally in the laboratory, but nothing suitable for the bedside.

Now a New Jersey physician has developed a "blink test." The only equipment needed is a watch with a second hand. Dr. John G. Rogers, chief attending physician at Zurbrugg Memorial Hospital, Riverside, N.J., asks the patient to look into a dark corner of the room and hold his eyes open as long as possible without blinking. Principle is that the drying cornea becomes painful and forces the patient to blink.

"I have found that a patient who has a time test of about three seconds," says Dr. Rogers, "is usually very sensitive, that 25 to 30 seconds is about normal, and that one with a blink-test time of one minute is quite stoic."

Dr. Rogers uses the test in a practical way. For example, a 28-year-old man was admitted to the hospital with chest pain suggesting *angina pectoris*. For several days after treatment he continued to complain of severe pain, though heart studies showed no apparent reason for it. "His blink test time was three seconds," said Dr. Rogers. "This helped us realize that he was overreacting to pain, and encouraged us to stop using narcotics and substitute nonaddicting drugs in his treatment."

A 54-year-old man with known coronary disease was admitted to the hospital with severe pain requiring frequent use of Demerol. The question arose as to whether the pain was all due to his heart, whether he was hypersensitive or whether the pain had some other origin. The test showed him to have a blink time well over a minute. This meant his pain was real and further investigation was needed. Gallstones were uncovered as the source.

"BLUE" HAIRCUT

To passers-by the small barber shop situated on a main street in Brussels, Belgium, appeared to be like any other Belgian barber shop. Only one thing was odd—as a sharp-eyed policeman noted. Men kept going back for a short "back-and-sides" even when their hair was already short.

In fact, owner Jean Rohe was doing so well he hardly bothered to wield scissors and comb—doing so well with porno movies in a back room at \$5 a show, or for \$20 if the viewers wanted the company of a young and pretty "hostess."

The barber was arrested and later found guilty of "running a bawdy house," with movies imported into Belgium from Spain. Chances are, his next tenuous tour of duty will be behind bars—sans any sexual "extras."

A little-known "report" has opened the door wide for money-hungry business interests to totally ravage and destroy millions of acres of countryside used by hunters, fishermen, campers, hikers and vacationers

THE DANGER IS WORSE THAN EVER!

By ARCHER SCANLON

GREEDY AND AMERICA'S EXPLOITERS PUBLIC LANDS

YOU may not know it, but right now you own three and one half acres of land. That's right, you!

Actually, it's public land, held by the federal government. But the federal government is you, me and every other American. And if all of it was divided up among the American people, it would come out to three and one half acres per person in the United States.

That land—your land—is being given away;

given away to big-money interests who, once they get their hands on it, are destroying, raping and despoiling it. They have done it in the past, they are doing it now—all with the help of the bureaucrats in your federal and state governments.

They must be stopped—and stopped soon—for if they aren't we might very well be the last generation of Americans able to see, feel and smell the natural beauty of America. All that your children and your grandchildren will be left with will be dried up, des-

olate water sheds; forests of tree stumps; gaping holes in the ground as big as the state of Rhode Island; and deep ditches surrounded by ugly mounds of dirt.

That's an ugly picture being painted, but such a transformation of the once-beautiful United States is going on right now. The Big-Money Barons, thanks to their political pull and their callous disregard of the American people, are seeing to it your land is used to fatten up their already bulging wal-

lets—and at the greatest harm to you, the land and its wildlife.

You can get some idea of what has happened—and will continue to happen to the remaining land you own—by taking a look at the magnificent Everglades National Park, in Florida.

The Everglades is supposedly protected by the federal government for all time because it is one of the most unique, natural wonders in the world. Yet it has already been ra- (Continued on page 46)



In the

OUTLIGHT

Special Features of Extraordinary Interest

HELICOPTER COPS

—most potent crime-busting force developed in recent years

JUST five years ago, Sheriff Peter J. Pitches of Los Angeles county made a decision that is now reducing crime, catching lawbreakers right in the act, and handling riots quickly and well. Antelope Valley, which is in his jurisdiction, was being systematically burglarized because the owners used their homes only on weekends, making it "safe" for the thieves all week. Since sending



It all started as an experiment by a Los Angeles Sheriff. But now, this daring policing method is revolutionizing the big-city, crime-fighting scene.

patrol cars there would have taken most of his men, he decided to put the county's helicopters to a new use: spotting criminals from the sky! Certainly pilots who could sight a whisp of smoke from a forest fire or a lost child among the rocks and brush of deserted canyons, would more easily spot a truck parked before a house where it had no business to be.

His guess was correct. In just a matter of weeks those burglaries in Antelope Valley stopped. This convinced the sheriff that here was a way to fight crime that would work even in well-populated areas. Pitches has been using the county's heli-

copters specifically for this purpose.

As a result, citizens of 66 small communities in Pitches' county are now getting 2-minute answers to their calls for help.

Such promptness in answering a plea for help via helicopter is really putting criminals on the spot. Other crime-ridden big cities are wishing they had the same protection.

When a burglar can be made to surrender with his spoils intact, when a kidnapper is kept before he can harm his victim; when a riot can be dispersed without bloodshed and looting, criminals take prompt notice and leave the area. Los Angeles' gain is likely to mean our own losses will increase in direct proportion, because lawbreakers are increasing just about everywhere else, as FBI statistics (Continued on page 44)

OUR TORTURE-CHAMBER ZOOS

—caged animals are being subjected to cruel treatment everywhere

SIXTEEN monkeys dying of thirst in cages with no water! Three grizzly bears jammed into a cage meant to hold one! A sick wolf left to die before the gaping eyes of tourists because keepers didn't bother to notify a veterinarian!

These are just a few shocking examples of the scandalous conditions in American zoos today, which are rapidly becoming unfit for occupancy by any form of animal life.

A decade ago most zoo animals were treated decently. Some people protested that no animal should be put behind bars for people to gawk at, and that mere caging was an act of intolerable cruelty. But, while this may be true, the fact remained that caged animals were kept in sanitary surroundings, were well fed and cared for, and were provided with ample facilities and space for exercise.

Today, all this has changed. Zoos, their budgets cut by city governments worried about the money for crime and environmental problems, have become veritable torture chambers, often presided over by overworked and/or unconcerned keepers.

Item: In Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Municipal Zoo, three rare Siberian tigers groveled in their own excrement—because keepers did not clean out the cage.

Item: At Thurmont, Maryland, a dead turtle lay in his pit covered with flies—because the keepers did not take the trouble to remove his body. A few cages away, a chimpanzee was so frustrated by the cramped, filthy conditions in which he was kept that he literally pulled every hair off his head.

These abuses are only a few of dozens un-

covered by the U.S. Humane Society in a recent investigation of 71 municipal and private zoos. The study was headed by Mrs. Sue Pressman, a 31-year-old biologist, who pretended to be a tourist and took photos of the mistreated animals. In her visit to "Monkeytown" in Clearwater, Florida, the animals' living conditions were so bad that Mrs. Pressman identified herself to officials and refused to leave until improvements were made.

Among the shocking things she saw were monkeys licking at cracks in the damp cement outside their cages in an effort to quench their thirst—because they were caged without water.

No less shocking is the case of the young tiger at Norristown, Pennsylvania, Zoo, who was left to flounder about blind (Continued on page 44)

REVOLUTION IN GARBAGE

—a new collection method eliminates dumps, incinerators and filth

AMERICA is on the verge of burying itself in garbage.

In 1971, according to the U.S. Public Health Service's Bureau of Solid Waste Management, each of us produced 5.3 pounds of trash a day—or a national annual total of almost 400 billion pounds. By 1980, the per-person average is expected to be 8 pounds and the national annual total 730 billion pounds. And this figure will be either matched or exceeded by the garbage that is produced by big business, industry, and the government itself.

Where will we put it all?

The question has been worrying professionals in the field of waste management for decades. Now Sweden has come up with what seems to be an ideal solution to the problem—and the tragic irony is that America may jump on the bandwagon too late because of the present opposition to the plan by big business, labor, and organized crime!

The Swedish plan is a masterpiece of simplicity, efficiency and ingenuity. Instead of dumping garbage in rivers or the ocean (as many American communities do), or burning it in open incinerators which pollute the atmosphere with their smoke (as many other American communities do), the Swedes recycle theirs through a remarkable "Garbage Subway" which sucks in trash and returns steam heat.

In each apartment building is a chute like the incinerator chutes in most American apartment buildings today. But the Swedish chutes connect with pipes underground leading to a nearby conversion plant. (Continued on page 44)

WARMING UP SEXUALLY COLD WOMEN

—a specialist tells you how to do it in down-to-earth language

HER eyes squeezed tight in ecstasy, her back arched high on the bed and she dug her fingernails fiercely into the thick flesh of her husband's shoulders. "Now!" she gasped. "Oh, darling, now!"

And, as he increased the vigor of his love-



By carefully following this recently developed four-step technique, the average man can awaken new heights of passion in even the coldest of women.

making, she abandoned herself to the exquisite sensations of her third orgasm of the night.

Yet, astonishingly, just a few weeks before, this woman had been frigid—not able to reach even one orgasm. In fact, in six years of marriage and another three of premarital sex, she had never experienced orgasm once!

This woman's frigidity was overcome, believe it or not, with do-it-yourself techniques employed by her husband on the recommendation of a marriage counselor. The techniques are the result of new knowledge about frigidity gained in recent studies by a number of leading sexologists.

Until a few years ago, (Continued on page 44)

How has the sexual revolution affected the "average" woman? MEN asked the famous Eastmain Foundation to find out. Here, for the first time, are the facts which every man should know



A STARTLING NEW STUDY

By DR. STANLEY WHELAN,
Famed Sexologist



What young, normal women are willing to do when it comes to sex has changed drastically in the last few years—and continues to do so. Uninhibited girls, like this, tell you why in their own words.



Older women, too, have developed much more liberal attitudes toward sex. Many of them feel they "have to, or else." As a result they are much freer in what they'll allow a man to do.

Here you'll discover the 3 things a man must do to find, or turn a woman into, a way-out partner.

'FORBIDDEN' SEX AND NORMAL WOMEN

JACK flipped the first time he saw Elaine behind the cash register at the diner.

She was stacked and lovely—a long-limbed 22-year-old with straight, dirty-blond hair and green eyes. All the guys who had dropped into the diner for hamburgers and coffee after bowling had been raving about her—and they were right.

Jack, who was 32 and recently divorced, asked her out. He was positive she'd say no. But she said yes, and two nights later he took her to a movie.

As they sat together, he put his hand on one of her legs. He expected her to brush it away, as

the girls he dated before he got married usually did. Once again she surprised him—this time by offering him no resistance whatsoever.

Slowly, he now inched his hand higher up her leg, which was bare, the skin creamy smooth. All the while, he wondered when she'd protest, when she'd do something to stop him. It never happened, though. Instead, she finally responded by dropping the rain coat she was carrying over their laps. Then, to show him that she didn't mind him exploring to his heart's content, she slid one of her hands under the raincoat and onto his thigh, gently massaging it.

In Jack's apartment (Continued on page 56)

MEN'S NEWSLETTER

(Continued from page 11)

Big deal about producing automobile humpers that can withstand a 5 mph crash. Back in the 1920s Biflex Corp. put out a humper that could take a 25-mph crash with no damage to driver or car. Slowly, these excellent humpers went into mothballs as Detroit learned there was millions to be made in profits on parts and repairs. . .



Bumper-safety squeeze

DO-IT-YOURSELF TECHNIQUE TO QUIET A RATTLING WINDOW: REMOVE THE DOOR PANEL, ROLL UP THE WINDOW, AND SQUEEZE THE WINDOW CHANNEL TOGETHER IN SEVERAL PLACES WITH PLIERS. CRANK THE WINDOW UP AND DOWN TO CHECK FOR BINDING BEFORE REPLACING THE DOOR PANEL. . .

You can take the drip out of a leaking radiator by pinching the tube closed above the leak with some needle-nose pliers. Emergency work will keep water in until you can have repairman repair it properly. . .

PAYROLL-DEDUCTION, CAR-INSURANCE

PLANS GROWING ALL OVER COUNTRY. GUYS LUCKY ENOUGH TO BE IN ON DEAL NOW ARE SAVING UP TO ONE-FOURTH ON THEIR PREMIUMS. . .

Driving in a convertible with the top down clips about 5-mph off the top speed you can do. . .

NEW SAFETY DEVICE FOR BUSES IS "DEAD MAN'S SEAT" WHICH AUTOMATICALLY PUTS ON BRAKES IF DRIVER SLUMPS OVER FROM A HEART ATTACK. DEVICE IS REALLY A SQUARE PAD WITH 12 ELECTRICAL SPRING-CONTACTS PLACED UNDER THE DRIVER'S SEAT-CUSHION. WHEN DRIVER IS SITTING NORMALLY, HIS WEIGHT KEEPS ALL 12 CONTACTS CLOSED. BUT IF HE FAINTS OR LEANS OVER WHILE BUS IS IN MOTION, THE BRAKES ARE SLAMMED ON. SYSTEM ALREADY IN USE IN MIAMI, AND WILL SPREAD ELSEWHERE SHORTLY. . .

Big laugh is those car-buying guides that say you can study a used car's tires to discover any major problem with the auto itself. If tires can be read that easily, you can be sure the dealer has replaced them. . .

WORST BUY ON A USED-CAR LOT IS PROBABLY A ONE-YEAR-OLD MODEL. JUST ASK YOURSELF WHY IT WAS TURNED IN THAT SOON. ANSWER IS PROBABLY L...E...M...O...N

UP AT THE FRONT

SURPRISINGLY ENOUGH, VIETNAM IS NOT REALLY ALL THAT BAD FOR GIs FROM V.D. VIEWPOINT. IT'S HIGH, OF COURSE, BUT DOESN'T BEGIN TO COMPARE WITH THAILAND WHERE GI INFECTION IS 50 OR 60 PERCENT HIGHER. SEX SIMPLY IS MORE OF A WAY OF LIFE IN THAILAND. . .

British troops in riot-torn Northern Ireland are wearing wigs off duty to cover the short military haircuts that identify them as easy targets for attacks by the underground Irish Republican Army. At first some of the brass hated the idea, but now they go along. Says one major: "The men are risking their



But where are your wigs, fellas?

lives when they go out on their own in the evenings and if they feel safer wearing wigs, I see no objection at all. . .

REMEMBER ALL THOSE LIE DETECTORS USED FOR INTERROGATION OF PRISONERS IN

VIETNAM? THEY'RE STILL IN USE— ON AMERICAN GIs DURING NARCOTICS SEARCHES . . .

Naval brass pulled monumental boo-boo in banning bellbottoms for sailors. Now that bellbottoms are big civvie style sailors refuse to give them up. Naval clothing manufacturers are turning them up in greater numbers than ever . . .

OUR P.O.W. PROBLEM IN VIETNAM IS NOT UNDERSTOOD IN OTHER COUNTRIES BECAUSE WE'VE ALWAYS HAD A TRADITION ALLOWING FOR RELEASE OF PRISONERS WHILE A WAR CONTINUED. WE DID IT DURING CIVIL WAR, ONLY REQUIRING A FREED PRISONER PLEDGE NOT TO FIGHT AGAINST US AGAIN. IF PRISONER TOOK UP ARMS AGAIN AND WAS CAPTURED AGAIN HE WAS SHOT . . .

Big stumbling block to all-pro army is that Marine Corps would probably demand right to pay more in wages—to attract top men . . .

One extraordinary fact about Pearl Harbor is that although all eight defenseless battleships of the U.S.

probably be picking your pocket . . .

STATISTICALLY, YOU STAND A BETTER CHANCE OF BEING MURDERED BY A MEMBER OF YOUR OWN FAMILY THAN BY A STRANGER . . .

Evidence piling up that cops who are short in stature do most of the beating up of arrestees in the station house . . .

WHEN A PICKPOCKET WANTS TO SHAME A COMPETITOR, HE'LL PICK THE GUY'S POCKET. SOME PICKPOCKETS HAVE GONE OFF THE DEEP END WHEN THAT HAPPENS TO THEM . . .

TOP AND BOTTOM OF THE BARREL

Hard as it may seem to believe, there are hundreds of persons in the country who are so honest that they've returned to the telephone company money they found in pay phones . . .

STUDY AT BOSTON STATE HOSPITAL SHOWS THAT FOR CALMING INSTITUTIONALIZED MENTAL PATIENTS "BEER IS MUCH BETTER THAN TRANQUILIZERS."

Sociologists now pretty much in agreement that the woman who wears a midiskirt craves attention so badly that she'll even wear unattractive clothing just



You should've seen what they missed

Pacific fleet were knocked out by the Japs' shallow-water aerial torpedoes and armor-piercing bombs, only two were wrecked beyond repair . . .

MUGS, MOLLS, MAYHEM

Our nation's capital, Washington, D.C., in throes of an enormous crime wave. Sexual attacks on women increasing; rapes taking place almost everywhere—in bathtubs, elevators, on desks in official buildings. Even hardened criminals are unsafe. Many have been attacked at night while on the way to pulling a job . . .

SHOPLIFTERS NOW SNATCH TWO BILLION DOLLARS A YEAR—A 150-PERCENT INCREASE SINCE 1960. BIG REASON FOR THIS NEW EPIDEMIC IS THAT PEOPLE WHO WOULDN'T DO ANOTHER DISHONEST THING WILL SHOPLIFT. STORE DICKS REPORT THAT MANY SUBURBAN WIVES WILL STEAL "PRESENTS" FOR THEMSELVES JUST SO THEY CAN BRAG TO THEIR FRIENDS THAT THEIR HUSBANDS HAVE GIVEN THEM SOMETHING EXPENSIVE . . .

Don't stop and gawk if you see a young gypsy girl breast-feeding her baby on a big city street. While you're gaping at this come-on, her husband will



The midi-attention getters

to get a glance. She may be criticized behind her back, but she is noticed, she is observed . . .

THE TIP OF THE NOSE, THE FINGERS AND TOES ARE THE MOST COLD-SENSITIVE PARTS OF THE BODY . . .

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

(Continued from page 39)

GARBAGE SYSTEM

Garbage which is dropped into the chute is sucked by a high power vacuum device to a separation station where glass, metal and other non-combustibles are mechanically sorted.

These non-combustibles are then carried off to factories, where the metals can be melted down for reuse and the glass can be ground to make a sand substitute.

Meanwhile, the combustibles continue on to a high-energy furnace which returns heat to the apartment buildings that produced the garbage. The heat is enough for hot water during the summer, and to substantially reduce the amount of oil needed as fuel in winter.

The masterfully efficient Garbage Subway, which has been tested in three Swedish cities and eventually will be installed through the country, has caught the eye of responsible civic officials everywhere. Similar systems are now planned for Munich, Germany; Caracas, Venezuela; Grenoble, France; Westminster, England; and Tokyo, Japan.

But reaction in the United States has been surprisingly cool. Though a Garbage Subway is planned for Walt Disney World outside Orlando, Florida, and for several hospitals and housing complexes in or near New York City, most American communities show no interest in the system.

Why? The answer lies to a great extent in the influence certain vested interests have on legislators.

Fuel oil companies stand to lose a huge chunk of their business when Garbage Subway-recycled heat is used in apartment buildings. And labor unions know that four out of five garbage collectors will be put out of work once the new, super-efficient system goes into effect.

Most important, one of the major forces in the private garbage-collection industry—\$4.5 billion annual business—is organized crime, which has established firm footholds in such lucrative areas as metropolitan New York, New Jersey, California and Louisiana.

If we Americans don't soon break the stranglehold that this business-labor-Mafia triumvirate has on the Garbage Subway, we may soon find ourselves up to both our cheeks in filth . . . and we'll deserve every stinking inch of it!

'COPTER COPS

prove.

At first glance it would seem that sky cops are very costly. Yet Pitches' force costs the people it protects less than \$1 a year per citizen. Is it any wonder that the sheriff is now planning to put 14 more copters in the air so the 4,000 square miles of Los Angeles County will soon all be guarded from on high by two men—one handling the machine and the other watching for anything that looks suspicious? One 'copter is now always aloft, and does much toward helping the police on the ground, especially during burglaries.

The 'copter can guard all exits to a burglarized building so few men need be employed, and will even prevent escapes from the roof! Also, 'copters are so effective in keeping track of fleeing suspects that not a single one has yet been lost. Even in the dark the 'copters are effective because they have special lights and can travel much faster than cars.

They have rendered aid to officers who so often nowadays are attacked when making an arrest. Lt. Claude Cooper broke up such a hostile crowd when he saw them surround an officer with his captive. The lieutenant radioed for help, then dropped to 300 feet and gave orders over the public address system for the crowd to disperse.

It didn't.

Cooper saw he couldn't wait for help so he just settled down near and nearer to those hordes. Those frightening big blades kept whirling and whirling their threats—and nobody stood on ceremony in getting out of the way. They rushed off in every direction. It wasn't only fear of being beheaded that prompted quick obedience. Everyone knows the air police are armed, and worse yet, they have an advantageous view of everyone below at all times!

Here is a crime deterrent that today's crooks will fear more than they now fear arrest and punishment.

Let's hope more cities follow Los Angeles' example and begin protecting us by adopting "law enforcement from the sky."

COLD WOMEN

most professional people—sexologists included—assumed that frigidity was caused either by a physical disorder or by some deep-seated mental block resulting from a traumatic experience in the woman's childhood.

Actually, however, the causes of frigidity appear to be a lot less complex. "I have found," reports Dr. Clinton E. Phillips, a Los Angeles marriage counselor and nationally-recognized expert on frigidity, "the most common causes of lack of sexual response seem to be: 1. Ignorance, 2. Inexperience, 3. Fear, 4. Guilt, 5. Hostility, and 6. Trauma. These are pretty much in order of importance."

Dr. Phillips adds that often several causes operate at once, but that the prime factor is usually ignorance—both on the part of the frigid woman and her lover.

He states: "It is amazing the ignorance humans have about their sexual capabilities, let alone their sexual equipment. A host of these persons and others have been married a number of years, and sometimes to several people, and still are inexperienced because they have not had intercourse with a sexually experienced partner. As soon as some of these have found a sexually experienced partner, they are awakened to a new sexual life."

Many marriage counselors recommend the following, four-step program for couples struggling with the frigidity problem.

1. The couple should read a good sex manual and become thoroughly familiar with each other's sexual anatomy.

2. The man should then stimulate the woman without trying to bring her to

orgasm—and without seeking his own satisfaction. For stimulation he should employ kissing, manual breast and body contact, and oral breast and body contact.

3. When the woman has become relaxed enough that she can enjoy this sex play without feeling tense or guilty, the man should bring her to orgasm by massaging her clitoris. He may do this manually or orally.

4. After a woman has developed the "orgasm habit"—that is, after she has shown that she is capable of having orgasm consistently by manual or oral stimulation—the couple performs actual intercourse. If the woman doesn't climax during the act, the man brings her to orgasm afterwards by manual or oral means.

Statistically studies show that the above program, when patiently practiced, is successful in an incredible 90 percent of all cases.

Says Dr. Phillips: "Most people lacking in sexual response can be helped to have a fuller and more satisfying sexual experience through this program. Their success will depend on their ability to deal with the above-mentioned factors, but it also will depend upon their sexual partners."

TORTURE ZOOS

—because his eyes were covered with catarracts and no zoo employee had bothered to get veterinary help.

And then there was the bear in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, who had to perch himself atop the roof of his sleeping box because the entire floor of his cell was covered with a thick carpet of excrement.

The worst offenders discovered by the Humane Society study are the above-named zoos, plus:

Hershey, Pennsylvania, Municipal Zoo; Knoxville, Tennessee, Municipal Zoo; Monomonee Falls Boys Ranch, near Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Beardsley Park, Bridgeport, Connecticut; Brandywine Children's Zoo, Wilmington, Delaware; Space Farm, Sussex, New Jersey; and Shell-Land, Clearwater, Florida.

The Humane Society has advised these zoos that, if conditions don't improve quickly, the society will "take such action as is necessary to achieve establishment of proper and humane conditions." This presumably, will mean lawsuits in state and federal courts—which, unfortunately, could drag on for years before anything concrete is accomplished.



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AMERICA'S PUBLIC LANDS

(Continued from page 37)

visibly by the land grabbers and the money men, and has been so severely damaged that it will be a long time before nature restores the area's full beauty.

Restoration depends, of course, on whether or not the land rapists will keep their hands off in the future. But the way things are going, don't bet on it.

The destruction of the Everglades is due to three things: a jetport, water for farmers surrounding the Park, and a barge canal.

The destruction began in 1948. A year before, 1.5 million acres of south Florida became the Everglades National Park. Then, in 1948, something called the Central and Southern Florida Flood Control Project was handed the responsibility of determining how much water the park would get from the upstate lakes and streams that normally flow into the park and maintain its delicate ecological balance. By law, the Army Corps of Engineers is supposed to control the streams and the canals in order to guarantee that the Everglades will always get enough water and thus continue to exist. But the Corps surrendered to pressure from Florida's money men, and turned it all over to the Flood Control Project—a board of five men, all of them businessmen with a stake in Florida land or industrial and agricultural growth.

With the creation of the Flood Control Project, the first step toward the destruction of the Everglades was taken, for preserving the Everglades was not the first thing the businessmen had on their minds. Making money was.

The second step in the destruction was taken in 1962, during the worst drought in Florida's history, when a levee across the Park's northern boundary was completed. The drought was hurting farmers in the agricultural areas north of the park. With the help of that levee, the flow of water to the Everglades was stopped entirely so farmers would have water for irrigation.

The Park didn't get a single drop of water in 1963, either, as the drought continued. The next year, only two percent of the Park's minimum annual requirement was permitted to flow South.

Farmers survived the drought, but the animal and plant life in the Park were decimated. Some rare animals were close to the point of extinction. As conservationists began to scream at the destruction, the businessmen who run the Flood Control Project agreed to release water to the Park—and released it in one great rush, drowning thousands of deer.

Fortunately, the rains returned to Florida and the Park got water from the clouds that it couldn't get from man. Slowly, it came back to life, but just barely.

In the meantime, the land rapists began working on other ripoff projects that would enrich a few business interests at the expense of one of the nation's most marvelous natural heritages.

As the Park was recovering from the drought, the Corps of Engineers was going ahead on another plan for the benefit of influential commercial interests that amounted to a third step toward the Everglades' destruction.

This monstrous bit of stupidity was a ditch built right through the northern part of the Everglades. The Corps—which is among the biggest land rapists in the nation, destroying hundreds of square miles of our land for the benefit of a powerful few money barons—claimed that the canal it was building was mostly for "flood control."

In reality, the canal, known officially as the C-111, was actually built to provide barge transportation to a seaport for the Aerojet-General Co. In Florida, C-111 is called the "Aerojet Canal," and it is widely reported down there that Aerojet's enormous political influence as one of the country's leading defense contractors was the only reason the canal was built.

The "Aerojet Canal" was completed in 1970, at a total cost to taxpayers of \$60 million. But it never went into operation. Just before the Engineers were to pull the plug to fill the big ditch with water, the National Audubon Society got a court injunction. The Society's grounds were that the canal would destroy much of the wildlife in the Everglades by depriving the Park of its natural water supply, would bring salt sea water rushing in to kill off fresh-water animals and vegetation, and would contaminate the water supplies of many Florida communities. By then, the politicians finally got the message that the Aerojet bonfire would become a national scandal. President Nixon ordered the Engineers not to fill the canal. Yet even if it is never filled—even if Aerojet never gets its canal to the sea—the ditch across northern Florida has already contributed to the destruction of the Everglades.

Finally, the big business boys came up with another step that would make them rich, at the sake of causing further destruction in the Park. This was the planned new Miami jetport, which they started building near the Park's northern border. It was to be a big one—five times the size of New York's Kennedy, with two six-mile runways to handle the biggest jets around. The land hustlers talked in terms of a huge city that would grow up around the jetport, of the riches everybody would rake in as land values soar.

But nobody gave a damn that the pollution released by the jetport and its surrounding new city would contaminate water destined for the Park, and destroy much of the land's beauty. Or that the concrete runways would cut off water that flows into the Park. The first runway, a pilot-training facility financed by the federal government, was almost completed when concerned citizens and conservationists raised enough noise to force Washington to call a halt to further construction.

THE fact that the government finally capitulated to the interests of all the people in the case of the Everglades is heartening. But that victory was made possible mainly because the commercial interests were so blatant in trying to steal a world-renowned national wonder. But there are other cases where less-famous public lands are being handed over to the land rapists without so much as a whimper because they are not so well-known. And these lands deserve to be preserved as much as the Everglades do, for they are our lands and provide just as much beauty.

For example, millions of acres of public land throughout the West at this moment are being ripped up by coal companies using destructive strip-mining techniques to get at the rich coal beds just below the surface. The companies are destroying thousands of square miles of my land and yours, and they are rushing to bid on leases for other lands that the government is permitting to be ravished.

The destruction is already sorely visible in some areas on both sides of the Rocky Mountains—in Arizona, Colorado, Montana, New Mexico, North Dakota, Wyoming and a couple of other states.

Strip mining destruction is so vast, and so unalterable, that in the Eastern coal states an area about half the size of New Jersey has been destroyed by the huge shovels that scar the earth and leave mountains of debris behind. The death of the land has become so widespread in the East that a movement has begun in some states to completely outlaw strip mines.

But out West they are going full steam ahead, ripping into sagebrush and cactus and prairie land to get at the coal underneath. Some of the most beautiful scenery in the country is being turned into a desolate moonscape as huge power shovels crawl night and day, digging huge trenches, lifting chunks of the upper surface of the land above the coal seams and depositing them into thousands of acres of spoil banks. In the more mountainous areas, contour strip mines wind around the mountains in continuous bands, with trees and earth and rock being shoved into the valley below so the miners can expose the coal seams.

Coal men say the destruction isn't as important as the loss of the jobs. But anybody outside the coal industry who sees what these men have done to our land can't help but feel what one Houston newspaperman felt when he wrote: "Stripping destroys the very roots of men's souls—the land."

The big-money men are behind the coal rush that is ravaging the land. And the government is playing along as it has always played along with men of influence and wealth. In the year ending July, 1970, the number of prospecting permits issued by the Interior Department for exploration of coal deposits on federal land shot up by 50 percent. And the number of acres more than a quarter million acres of our land.

The huge ditches that strip miners are carving into the earth, and the heaps of rubble piled up behind them, are not the only scars on the landscape being created by the land rapists. For the coal men have discovered they can process coal at the mine-site and turn it into natural gas, which can then be piped to customers across the country. So soon you can expect to see many more shovels scarring our land for coal which can be turned into gas.

Probably the most distressing part of the incredible theft of our lands is that the coal tycoons have made it clear they will not do anything about restoring the land to its natural state once a mine operation has played out. "It will cost us too much," a spokesman for an industry group says privately. "We can't afford to put everything back and plant trees and shrubs again. We'll just have to leave it in whatever condition it is when we're done with it."

That's your land he's talking about. Those public lands are our share of the American bounty that has come down to us through centuries. They should be our children's share, and our grandchildren's share. But too many men—like the coal barons—abuse the land because they see it as a commodity, as a dollar sign, as a way to get rich—and damn the beauty, damn the human spirit, damn man's need to have a place to retreat to for a two-week vacation, or a place where the human spirit can have a chance to recharge its batteries after being crushed by cities, by jobs, by the ravages of industrialism. There is a lot of land around, and men will keep it as endless. But it isn't. And we will all run out of land if the rape is permitted to continue.

THE land rapists are hard at work in every state. And most of the time they are able to



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get federal and state governments to finance their money-grubbing schemes.

For examples, take a look at the Alcovy River, in Georgia. A wild and beautiful stream that wanders through thousands of acres in the central part of the state, the Alcovy is a place of joy for fishermen, campers, hunters and people who just like to tramp along its banks.

The Alcovy may not be that way for long though. For recently the U.S. Soil Conservation Service, which is responsible for "flood prevention" in upstream watersheds that involve 250,000 acres or less, formed an alliance with the Big-Money men and is about to destroy the Alcovy. It plans to turn the river into a man-made channel by clearing all vegetation between 30 and 100 feet from the banks, dredge out the fertile blacktop from the river bottom, then straighten the river and line the sides and bottom with concrete to make certain it stays straight.

As part of the project, it plans to drain the swamps along each side of the river—which is the real reason for the whole rape in the first place, as we'll shortly see.

The SCS claims it's only motive in destroying the natural beauty of the Alcovy and its surrounding swampland is to stop the periodic floods that hit the area. But that's a big lie. You don't control floods by drying up swamps. Swamps are natural flood controls that act like huge sponges, soaking up the excess water overflowing a river and holding it until the surrounding countryside is dry enough to absorb it.

The real reason the SCS wants to drain the swamps is that a lot of swampy land near the river is owned by big farmers and agricultural giants. When the swamps are drained, that private swampy land will also be drained—turning it into lush farmland for the benefit of a wealthy few. It will cost the American taxpayer about \$1 million to finance the expansion of a few large farmers near the Alcovy.

In addition to big farmers, mine owners, and huge industrial corporations, real-estate promoters are also members of the gougers raping your land.

For example, real-estate men working closely with the Army Corps of Engineers have come up with a plan to ravage the area around Seattle, Washington—and we'll have to pay for it.

The Corps has proposed damming the Snoqualmie River, which runs near Seattle, at a cost that is expected to go as high as \$75 million. There is a huge, undeveloped, flood plain along the river, which has always been able to absorb periodic floods from the river's Spring overflow. That plain is a natural flood control.

But the Corps badly admits it wants to build a dam on the river to eliminate future floods so that the flood plain can be used by the real-estate lawyers for their own profit—and for the construction of factories, shopping centers and the usual bonkytown.

It is clearly a bald sellout to real-estate developers who bought up parts of the flood plain for speculation, and then went to work on the politicians to make the speculation turn into huge riches.

The dam is opposed by Seattle's city planners, who want the area kept 100% natural state so the city will have a green belt near it for all time. It is opposed by Washington's governor, Dan Evans, who is more concerned with preserving some of the last green in his state, rather than opening the doors to more industrial polluters and more water users.

And yet, the Corps is going ahead with the dam. Because what the Big-Money men and land parasites want, they usually get. And as we've just the bait, they have a green belt.

These sort of steals by real-estate men are not isolated cases. Just outside Washington, D.C., for instance, the Interior Department is hoping to satisfy the lust of developers by

draining Hunting Creek and giving away the land—land that is owned by the government, meaning all of us. And out West, the Army Corps of Engineers is hard at work on one of the most outrageous schemes of all: They want to dam the Colorado River and put the Grand Canyon under 600 feet of water! You're reading it correctly—they're planning to fill one of the world's most remarkable natural wonders, all for the sake of turning the surrounding desert into rich farmland so speculators can get rich.

Such ravaging of our land has really just begun. And it is going to get worse in the future. That was made clear in the \$7-million report of the Public Land Law Review Commission, which took three years to write and which will have an enormous influence on a Congressional and government bureaucracy that usually goes along with commercial interests over the interests of the American people. For that report has practically recommended that most of our public land be sold or given to the money men.

The report recommends that our public lands should be managed for maximum economic efficiency. If it happens, it clearly means the profit motive will always take first place when the time comes to decide what uses should be made out of public lands. In the past, the public lands have been managed under the principle of "multiple use." Thus, although some federal timber lands could be leased to lumber companies, the greatest part of the lands had to be reserved for public use. In addition, the lumber companies had to replant in areas where they had cut. But now the report recommends that public land should be managed under a "dominant use" concept. This means that if some bureaucrat decides such things as the preservation of wilderness areas, the intelligent managing of fish and wildlife resources, and recreational sites for the public conflict with the interests of miners and sheep grazers and other money men, then the money men would get control of the land.

Public lands, the report says, should be sold to private individuals or companies, wealthy corporations and speculators. If this became law, it would result in the sale of most of our grasslands. What's more it would permit the sale of most of the lands around Corps of Engineers' projects—which are usually lakes and streams enjoyed by the public for fishing and recreation. These lands would become private property.

One of the most incredible giveaways recommended by the report involves the mining laws. The report recommends that the government charge practically no fees at all for the right to explore for minerals on our public lands, and that it cut itself in for very little of the take of the minerals eventually recovered from our land. That means mining companies would be able to pick up huge tracts of land belonging to it. It also means that the government would have to give away strip-mining or any other techniques that will deface the American landscape. The miners could just dig, and leave huge heaps of debris all over the place.

In addition, if the report becomes law, the grazing of livestock on public lands—which the government gives private ranchers the right to do now at incredibly low rates—would be uncontrolled. And unfortunately, grazing usually becomes overgrazing, which erodes the soil and destroys natural watersheds. You can see the results all over the West. For instance, range land around Gilson Butte in Utah was turned to dust by years of overgrazing. After the grass disappeared the government forced ranchers to cut livestock by a third, and spent a fortune paying in water to make the land come back to life. Ranchers are using it again, and once more the overgrazing has begun, setting a new cycle of destruction. That's going to happen all across the West if the report is

adopted by Congress. The management of timber forests should also be based completely on "economic factors," the report recommends. That means our forests could be decimated if there is a high demand for lumber and the timber men decide to cut away—and the hell with soil erosion, watershed protection, or the rights of hunters and fishermen and others who use the land for recreation. Further, the government would have the right to sell—not lease—to private interests much of our land, which would become private property. Hunters would be barred from the forests, fishermen from the streams.

That report is, by far, the most gigantic land swindle in American history. The Commission is, in effect, strapping the victim to the bed so that the money men can rape her at will.

FINALLY, there is one more massive boondoggle-and-rape that should make every American fighting mad. That is the government's plan to give away huge tracts of public land to old men who will dig into the earth to extract oil that is trapped in a kind of rock called shale. The oil shale, under about 16,000 square miles of land in Colorado and parts of Utah and Wyoming, could be worth trillions of dollars.

But to get at that oil, the companies will have to ravage the earth even more severely than strip miners are doing. In one year of operations the debris from oil shale mining would be enough to fill a city in the size of Mesquite Lake, three feet deep.

In return for the right to destroy our land, the oil companies will, of course, be making a contribution to the federal treasury—but a very piddling contribution. That's because leases will be so low, and tax laws are already stacked so heavily in favor of the oil industry. In fact, the oil barons will probably pay into the treasury about \$250 million a year, which comes to a little more than one dollar for every American. It is worth a buck or so in your pocket to have some of the most beautiful country in the world totally ravaged, turned into a garbage heap?

It seems to be worth it to the government. The Interior Department is pushing ahead fast on plans to give away these lands so they can be destroyed.

And like the strip miners, the oil men don't intend to do anything about restoring the land once they're done. They'll leave up the shale from which oil has been extracted. The oil men and the government claim that everything will be restored naturally because spent shale acts as a soil conditioner and will revegetate itself in a couple of years so desert grasses and tumbledweed will grow.

The truth is, however, that the 300-foot-high piles of waste that will be left behind by the digging operations will not be fully revegetated in the arid climate of the West for maybe 200 years!

Americans should insist that the current ratio of one-third public land to two-thirds private land should never change; that the land we own should be used for commercial purposes only so far as it is not destroyed by the money men. The amount of the land we own should never be changed, and neither should the quality. It is our natural birth right, and should not be stolen from us.

But the money barons are moving quickly, and with great skill, to further rape our lands. They have taken over almost every federal agency that has jurisdiction over public lands, and are hoping to further use the government so that all the land will be up for grabs. That's what the Commission report is all about.

There is no end in sight. The money men rule all—and every American is getting shafted. ●●●

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WEIGHT WATCHERS, NOT SO ANONYMOUS—Spurred on by a former Miss America—Consumer Affairs Commissioner Bess Meyerson—the hunt is on in earnest for short-weight gyp artists. “There seems to be an epidemic of short weight, short count, short measure,” she charged recently. “It’s time to stop treating short-weight violations as traffic tickets and treat them like the petty larceny they are.” Examples from her personal crusade: a bag of potatoes marked 10 pounds really weighed in at 8 pounds 7 ounces (which was an over-charge to the customer of 10¢); another consumer shaft was a capon turkey that checked in 5 ounces less than it was marked—for which the customer overpaid 34¢; and there was even a box of toothpicks, supposedly containing 500 sticks that, on actual count, was 89 toothpicks short. “We’re talking about crime in the shops,” claimed an angry Bess Meyerson. “The consumer who gets gypped has had money stolen from him.” Instead of the usual \$5-to-\$50 violation fine, Miss Meyerson suggests publishing a weekly list of violators, plus placing a sign in offending stores’ windows to the effect that they are persistent violators—in addition to stiffer financial penalties.

SNOW TIRES AND CHAINS “ZERO OUT” ON ROADS NEAR ZERO—While snow tires and chains help give you traction when the mercury is around 32-degrees, you can pretty much forget their benefits once the temperature plunges to the zero mark. Tests run on an icy stretch of Canadian road, with everything from snow tires, studded tires, chains—even sand on the ice—all showed that at that level of cold, you’re pretty much on your own as far as skidding goes. However, at the freezing point, chains

and studded tires on all four wheels checked out as your best protection.

PITY THE POOR CAR DEALER—After years of being cursed out and sued and threatened by dissatisfied customers, auto dealers have finally hit back. At a Better Business Bureau symposium on consumer complaints, angry car sellers almost took over with their demands for “protection” against what they called, “embezzling consumers.” Branding a good number of their customers as “petty chiselers,” “know-nothings,” “irrational,” etc., dealers accused most of the complainants of not knowing how to interpret their warranties properly. They claimed most of their service managers’ time was taken up placating dissatisfied buyers who really had no legitimate gripe. They claimed they were at the mercy of any customer who threatened to—or actually did—haul them into small-claims court. A

common gripe was that men who knew their cars were going to be repossessed for non-payment of monthly charges actually stripped the vehicles of things like spare tires, radios, carpeting, and anything not really bolted down. However, the Better Business Bureau’s representatives managed to bury the dealers by citing chapter and verse from hundreds of complaints of sleazy, dishonest practices almost every dealer tosses at a customer. Maybe getting the dealer mad means he’s ready to give a sucker more of an even break—it could be getting under his skin.

NEXT SUMMER’S AIR CONDITIONERS—If you’re in the market for an air conditioning unit to help beat next summer’s heat, chances are you’ll be getting a much better deal than ever. Federal Trade Commission boys are adopting a “get tough” attitude toward manufacturers’ advertising. From now on, if a maker claims his unit is “quieter and will last longer” than any other, the burden of proof is on him. No more wild statements about cooling units that have so often proved phoney enough to make the customer hotter than the weather.

EYES RIGHT—As of the first of the year, all glasses and sun glasses must be made with shatter-proof lenses. This order has come down from the Food and Drug Administration to put a stop to the rising toll of serious eye injuries caused by shattered glass. Roughly 120,000 Americans a year get their eyes messed up this way, and the only exceptions to the new ruling will be those cases where the doctor prescribes regular lenses instead of the impact-resistant ones.



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Send Merchandise to ☐ Me ☐ Sweetheart or Wife SIGNATURE _____

CM1-72

STRIP-POKER GAME AT SUSAN'S PLACE

(Continued from page 26)

The one about Susan. Like a flower opening, she yielded her body to him in the dream. He tasted her lips, the sweetness of her flesh. And he felt her nipples hard under his stroking hands, her sleek thighs, her supple legs winding around him. He heard her whispering, "I'm yours, Bill. I'll always be yours." Then he was awake and sweating. Glancing at the clock, he saw he'd slept for 45 minutes.

As he sat up, the dream was still with him. But that wasn't unusual. This dream—or one of a hundred others that in some way tied up with Mullens—had almost always been with him night and day for the past three years.

Three years before, Bill had been a wisecracking kid who thought he knew it all. Then, to prove a drunken boast that he was the best poker player in the county, he challenged Pete Mullens, the town's professional gambler, to a no-limit sit-down game. Mullens had taken everything Bill owned—including his girl, Susan, who had fallen for the gambler the minute she laid eyes on him. Mullens was cool, self-assured, suave—everything Bill wasn't. And after the game was over, Mullens humiliated him like few men had ever been humiliated. First, he invited Susan to stay with him—"to see," as he put it, "what things are like with a real man." Then, when Susan accepted, Mullens told Bill: "Okay, little boy, on your way. Come back when you've learned how to play with grown men." He laughed obscenely as Bill left.

You won't have much to be laughing about in a little while, Bill thought now, I guarantee it, Mullens. Because I'm back—and I've learned about playing with men.

Rising from the bed, Bill raked a hand through his hair and gazed at the mirror. Some of the things he'd learned were in his face. He had toughened up physically and mentally. Poker, honest or dishonest, no longer held any mysteries for him. He was an expert at five-card stud and draw, which the professionals favored. And he had experimented with the cockeyed variations suckers turned to, hoping they could change their luck: Dr. Pepper, Spit in the Ocean, all that nonsense. He could tell when a man tried to stack a deck on him. He could spot readers. He had studied hard, he had done his homework, and he was ready to take on Mullens again.

Tagging a fresh white shirt out of his suitcase, he put it on, knotted a tie. His hands weren't a gambler's slender and soft hands. They were wide, stubby-fingered, calloused. For most of the past three years, he had worked on construction crews. He had taken instruction in poker at night, in any place he could find it, and some of the lessons had proved costly. But none had been as costly as that game in the back room of Mullens' bar.

A memory of Susan suddenly returned out of nowhere. It concerned a trip they took once to Dallas. They had spent the night in a hotel, and he remembered waking in the morning, bright streams of sunlight pouring through the windows. She stood in the bedroom doorway wearing a black bra and panties. "What do you think?" They say

blondes look sexy in black-lace lingerie."

"Take it off," he teased.

"Right now?" she said, an eyebrow cocked, hands on her hips, taunting him with a sensuous pose.

"Yes, right now—or I'll tear it off."

Her eyes narrowed. "That's an inspiration."

She was tall even in her bare feet, youthfully lush, the kind of girl every man wanted but most knew they could never have.

She walked to the bed, hips swaying provocatively. She smiled down at Bill with a telltale flare to her nostrils, a faint flush on her fine-boned, aristocratic face.

There was blue blood in her family—some of the bluest. And money, plenty more than enough to buy up every acre and building in the town of McCall, Texas. Bill Condon had once considered her untouchable, as out of his reach as the beauties on the covers of fashion magazines. And here she was with him, in a hotel bedroom, no longer haughty and unattainable, gazing down at him with a soft smile on her full lips, her expression telling him that she wanted to make love.

She picked up his hand. She rubbed it tantalizingly against her silken thigh. Then she slid his fingers in the waistband of the lace panties. "So tear," she said.

Bill was the second important man in her life, she had told him once. Mullens had been the third.

HE slammed the door of the motel room, walked out to the Lincoln. It was time to renew old acquaintances. His family had long since moved to Houston, but there were a few friends to look up. He stopped first at Charlie Patel's service station, which Charlie's father before him had operated. A grin spreading over his pudgy features, Charlie gave him the LBJ handshake: pumping with one hand, cupping Bill's elbow with the other. They talked a little of old times and then Bill asked the question: "Pete Mullens still at the same location?"

"Same spot. He remodeled a couple of years ago, but nothing in this town changes much. You know that."

"They still play poker in the back room?"

"Three or four nights a week, just like always." Charlie's grin evaporated. "Pete Mullens is a very hard-nosed type. You'd better write off the past, old friend. Revenge is for John Wayne movies."

"I like John Wayne movies," Bill said. He was starting up his car when Charlie came around to the window. "I guess I ought to tell you before you see it. He changed the name of the bar. Now he calls it Susan's Place."

The son of a bitch, Bill drove three blocks, parked and looked at the sign that broadcast to the town that Susan belonged to Mullens. They might as well have bought an ad in the paper to let people know they were sleeping together.

He hadn't planned it this way, but he got out of the car and crossed the street. The bar was dim and silent inside. In McCall, a thoroughly old-fashioned town, the serious boozing never began until nightfall. A red-haired barmaid smiled at him. From a table

in the rear, Pete Mullens threw him a sardonic glance, raised a filtertip cigarette to his thin mouth. The gambler looked exactly as he had the last time Bill saw him, even to the cat's-eye ring on his little finger. Mullens didn't speak. He sat there and studied Bill, waiting for him to make the first move.

Deliberately Bill turned his back. He told the barmaid to draw him a beer. She brought the mug and leaned on the bar, showing him how low cut her blouse was. Bill said, "You weren't here the last time I was around."

"I'm Lucy Wade. I was four years behind you in school. You used to play baseball with my brother."

"Hello, Lucy. You've filled out quite a bit."

"Hey, you noticed." Her blue eyes were cool and cynical. "My boss is getting up from his table. He's coming over here, if you're interested."

Mullens put a hand on the bar, the slender fingers widespread. He was tall, wiry, handsome in a slick way. "Welcome back, Condon. I guess you see I've remodeled. How do you like the new name I gave the place?"

That was supposed to make Bill angry. He said, "New name? I didn't notice."

"I know you'd like to see Susan. Too bad she isn't around. She usually comes in later."

"Maybe I will see her. I was thinking of dropping in tonight. If there's a poker game going, I might sit in."

"You and your money are welcome anytime," Mullens grinned confidently.

Driving back to the motel, Bill clicked on the car radio, humming underneath his breath. After his long wait for this showdown, there was actual physical relief in knowing that the action had started.

He remembered how Mullens had handled him the night the gambler took him for every cent he had. Mullens had challenged his manhood, made the game a test of guts. Taunting him into reckless bets, the gambler had soon pushed him so far he was desperate, wet with sweat, unthinking. It was an application of the gambler's art of the most elementary kind. But Bill hadn't known how to deal with it. This time he did know; he had just proved he could use the same strategy on Mullens.

IN the motel restaurant, he sat drinking a cup of black coffee, marking time. He wasn't hungry. He was as psyched up as a football player on the eve of the Super Bowl game. Through the window he could see the water tower. He and Susan had climbed to the top of it one summer day. He squinted, let the memory flow. He might as well. He couldn't possibly put her out of his mind.

On the catwalk that ran around the tank, Susan had discovered the height frightened her. Swaying, she'd spoken Bill's name softly. He put his arms around her and she wormed into them, warm and soft. That was the first time he'd realized that he could have her. His hands sought parts of her body he'd never touched before. She peered up at him. "Where will we go?" she said.

"Your folks' place. They're not at home."

Although she had a beautiful body, she had been shy the first time she dimmed before him. "Could we have the lights off?" she'd asked.

Bill shook his head. "Not a chance."

Her eyes lowered for a moment. The she looked up, smiling slowly. She pawed hair back from her forehead, began to unbutton her blouse. Bill saw her breathing quicken. A faint flush grew in her cheeks. Her eyes narrowed. Then she sighed and said, "Oh, the hell with it," and popped the last two buttons with a sudden tug.

After that, she was never hesitant again, and in time Bill knew her body better than he knew his own. He could sense her moods, could tell when she wanted to be led and

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when she wanted to lead, when she wanted lowly, first, and when she was so eager she could hardly wait to feel him inside her.

Finally, he glanced at his watch. It was time to go to Mullens. He knew Susan would be there tonight.

WHEN Bill saw her, her, he was standing outside of restaurant-bar Mullens had renamed for her. She was coming from a parking lot, having just parked her car, and wearing a miniskirt. She had the body for it, too, not having put on an ounce of fat. Her hips moved in the lyric motion Bill knew so well; haughty and sensual at the same time. Her heels clicked on the parking-lot pavement. She lifted her hand and brushed the long hair back in a gesture that was both nervous and defiant.

Neither of them spoke. There had been a time when there was nothing they couldn't say to each other, now there was nothing that either of them could put into words.

Bill wanted to touch her. The urge was almost irresistible. He let his eyes drift to her breasts. God, how he remembered them. He ached inside for all he'd had and lost.

"Pete told me you were back," Susan finally said, breaking the silence.

"You look just the same. Great." Bill forced a grin. "And I see you have your name up in neon."

"Pete wanted to do that, so I let him. It isn't important."

"Except to him. It's his way of telling the town he's laying the best."

"Thanks for the compliment." She met his gaze unflinchingly. "Don't come in tonight, Bill."

"So he told you about that too."

"He thinks you returned to McCall just to play poker with him. To settle a grudge."

"I did. I want everything that's near and dear to him," said Bill.

"And me?"

"We'll see. Tonight we'll see."

The poker game that people in McCall were talking about for weeks began at 8:30 P.M. in the back room of Susan's Place.

There were six players at the table. By 10:30 the tension at the table had emptied two chairs. Pete Mullens wore a thin line of sweat from his upper lip. "I'll give you this, Condon. You've learned some poker."

"Took your advice," said Bill.

They were playing dealer's choice, five-card stud and draw, no gimmicks, and Charlie Pete was keeping the bank. Jakebox music seeped into the room from the bar where business was under way as usual. Susan stood behind Mullens' chair, her hand on the gambler's shoulder. The gaze she directed at Bill was icy. Bill grinned. He was winning.

At midnight the place closed, but the poker game in the back room continued. The stack of chips before Bill grew. Mullens loosened his collar and stalked to the barroom and splashed water on his face. Bill leaned back, watching the gambler for signs of strain.

"Let's raise the limit," he said.

Mullens stood in the bathroom door, drying his face with a paper towel. He matched Bill's wolfish grin. "My pleasure."

A man named Roscoe Turner pushed back his chair. "You guys are too cutthroat for me."

Charlie Pate rubbed his eyes. "I'll stay. I want to see who these three gets out."

The tide was running strongly Bill's way. Mullens was growing tougher. An ashtray at the gambler's elbow overflowed with half-smoked filtertips. Bill squinted at him through the veil of smoke hanging over the table. Mullens had come to McCall with a reputation that was dirty around the edges. In a tight, Bill was certain, he would try to cheat. And he would probably do a lot of

other things that Susan, blinded to his faults, would never imagine him doing.

THEY played all that day and into the night. Gossip about the game had spread through the town. Curious men came in to find out what was happening, and hung around and drifted out. The bar closed again and they played on. Mullens finally blew his stack. He clawed up the losing hand he'd just discarded, and tore the cards in half.

"I want a new deck. This one has Condon's name on it." He got up.

The game continued. Charlie Pate and a man named Raines were at the table with Bill. Mullens had made two more trips to the safe. The gambler's expensive shirt was blotted with sweat and crumpled cigarette packages littered the floor near his chair. He had but a small stack of chips in front of him. Then he staged a rally. He won three large pots before Bill said quietly, "I wondered when the rat would come out of his hole."

Mullens squinted at him with bleary eyes. "What do you mean by that?"

"You're slick, but I've seen much better in Reno and Las Vegas. You're dealing yourself the big ones, Mullens."

The gambler hit him. The cat's eye ring cut Bill's lip. His chair tilted and he sprawled on the floor. But he was delighted with the development. He went under Mullens' guard and buried a fist in the gambler's belly. He knocked Mullens over the table and chips and cards sprayed everywhere.

Bill held Susan back when she tried to get to Mullens. "Tell the lady, Mullens."

"I was cheating. You had me all the way down and I cheated. Okay?"

Susan gasped, surprised. The truth was finally getting to her. Bill said, "If you want to stay in the game, Mullens, you can."

"I'm scrapping bottom and you know it."

"Maybe you've got something else to sell."

Mullens' bloodshot eyes slitted. He knew what Bill was talking about. He shook his head. "I'm finished."

"I'll make it easy. Maybe you'd like to swap a piece of the lady's clothing for some chips." Susan was staring at him. "Let's start with her blouse. Naturally I'd be willing to pay handsomely to see her take it off."

Mullens knuckled his bloody mouth, hesitating. Bill heard Susan draw in her breath. This is it, he thought. The bum is about to show her just how little she really means to him.

"Answer him, Pete," she said, her voice surprisingly hard.

"Go to hell, Condon," the gambler said. "I'd rather be broke."

That wasn't the answer Bill had expected. He was stunned.

"Charlie, are you setting up the table?" Susan asked. "Good. I'm going to take Pete's place. I'll play for him. Are you coming, Bill?"

He turned toward her. Fire was in her eyes. He knew that pride of hers. He had seen it before. But he'd never seen it under this brand of circumstances.

"The game's over," he said.

"Like hell it is. I'll take those chips you offered." She peeled off her blouse, threw it on the table, stood there in bra and miniskirt. "And don't forget you said you'd pay handsomely for that item. Or are you going to back out now that I've called your bluff?"

SHE could play poker. She wasn't in Mullens' league, but she had watched enough games to know what she was doing. She lasted until 4 A.M. Then she stood up and wriggled out of her skirt. "Give me some more chips," she said.

Bill studied her across the table. He was

confused. He hadn't believed that Mullens would hesitate to sell Susan if it came to that. He certainly hadn't counted on this. When he humiliated the gambler, he had expected her to walk out on him. But she really loved the guy.

She lost again. She just wasn't getting the cards. All kinds of luck was falling upon Bill's head now that he wasn't sure he wanted it. He drew a flush, a straight, four of a kind. It was the most incredible streak he'd ever experienced.

"More chips," Susan said. She unsnapped her bra and tossed it to him.

Bill kept his gaze away from her breasts as long as he could. That wasn't long. When he raised his eyes to hers, she met them proudly. He wasn't going to humiliate her, no matter what happened. She was in this to the end, scrapping right down to the wire.

An hour later, she was out of chips again. She stood up. "Charlie, do you and your friend mind leaving?"

Bill heard their chairs scrape, heard the door close behind them. He sat there looking at her, shaking his head. "Now what are you trying to prove?"

She tore off the panties. "Give me some chips, Bill."

Standing naked, she accepted her last card, looked at it. "I want to bet a thousand dollars more. Am I worth that much?"

"I don't understand the deal."

"A night in bed for a thousand dollars. I want to mine you."

Mullens was pale around the gills. Bill felt pale himself. She really loved the no-good son of a bitch, he thought and this was her proud and cockeyed way of showing it. And for all his faults, Mullens had drawn the line at humiliating her.

"I guess you're worth a thousand. In fact, you're worth a hell of a lot more. But this game is getting too rich for my blood." He folded his cards. "You can have the pot. I'm leaving. And if anybody asks, Mullens, you can tell them I chickened out."

He walked to his car in the grey light of morning. He had peed only part of what he had come home to grove—that he could beat Mullens. But he had learned something. Something about love—it was unpredictable.

He'd also learned something about obsessions like the one that had driven him for the past three years. When you got down to it, they were a hell of a waste of time. He turned on the car radio, humming under his breath as he drove back to the motel. At least he took Mullens last dollar. Maybe he'd call that redheaded harlot tomorrow. She'd had a good pair showing. ●●●



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'FORBIDDEN' SEX

(Continued from page 41)

after the movie, Elaine continued to react without inhibitions, responding passionately to his kisses and caresses. She only said no once. And that was when Jack tried to take her right after they had undressed each other. At this point, she said, "I'm in no hurry. Let's play a little first."

Rolling off her, he lay beside her. He was going to sarcastically ask her what kind of games she wanted to play. But he didn't have to because she showed him. First, she gently began stroking his body, particularly the area around his belly. Then she slowly kissed her way down his chest and abdomen, finally performing oral sex on him.

Jack made love to her twice that night and once the following morning.

"I could hardly believe it," he later recalled. "I mean, I'd have expected a prostitute to be that free about sex. However, I never expected it from a girl like Elaine, who looked, acted and dressed in a 'nice' girl manner. What I didn't realize for quite a while was just how really different 'nice' girls today are from the 'nice' girls I knew before I got married."

"You see," he went on, "Elaine was the first girl I dated after breaking up with my wife. I'd been married for 19 years, and hadn't played around at all during that time. So the only previous actual experience I had was in high school and afterwards—during the late 1950's and early 1960's."

"Boy, what a difference between girls then and now! Back in those days, there were only two kinds of girls: 'nice' girls and pigs. A pig would do anything with anybody, and a nice girl wouldn't let you touch her unless you were going steady with her. Even then it was a big production, and you'd have to go through all sorts of grief after you made it with her because she'd felt so guilty."

"Nowadays girls are different. If a girl likes you, she'll do just about anything with you."

Jack's point was well taken—but it's not the whole truth. For not all young women are as liberated as Elaine. Or, to put it another way, some young women today remain mired in the attitudes of the 1950's and early 1960's, when the sexual revolution had yet to gain its full momentum. But if the respondents to a recent survey commissioned by MEN magazine are typical of the population at large, most American women have indeed been liberated to some degree at least from the days of a decade or so ago. For in those days, virtually every sex act other than coitus—which was performed at night, in bed, with the lights out, and with a minimum of response on the part of the female—was considered off-beat or way-out.

As Howe, another of the men interviewed in the survey, puts it:

"Back in the old days, getting a girl to go to bed with you was like getting her to put her hand in a cage full of rattlesnakes. Forget it!"

"Today, most girls I date are very open to all sorts of sexual things. All you have to do is let them know you want to do it and convince them that you won't lose respect for them if they go along."

To find out just how liberated today's women are, interviewers from the Eastman Foundation for Sex Research—on assignment for MEN—asked two groups of women a number of questions about their sexual behavior.

Women in the first group were born in 1940 or earlier. Women in the second group were born in 1945 or later. (Women born from 1941 through 1944 were not questioned, so that the contrast between the groups would be more sharply defined.)

After these interviews had been assembled, the Eastman researchers questioned a group of men about their sexual experiences. All the men were in their thirties and had dated at least 20 women in the age range of each of the two above groups.

The responses of the men and women interviewed point emphatically to three conclusions—two predictable, the other rather unexpected.

First—and predictably—women born in 1945 or later proved to be considerably more sexually liberated than their counterparts in the pre-1941 group.

This liberation showed itself in: First-date lovemaking. By a ratio of three to one, the younger women were more willing to make love on a first or second date.

Oral sex. Many older women were not entirely comfortable about oral sex; most younger women readily accepted it and had considerable experience with it.

Touching a man's penis. A few older women said that they found penis fondling quite distasteful and that they resisted doing it. The younger women almost unanimously accepted the practice.

Experimentation with unusual positions. Most older women preferred lovemaking in only one position: face-to-face, man on top. Younger women were more willing to experiment.

Lovemaking in unusual places or unusual ways. Sex in the shower, in a lake or stream, in the woods, on the roof of an apartment building—or with cold cream rubbed onto each other's bodies, or with similar external stimulants—had considerably more appeal for younger women.

But—and this is the unexpected conclusion—older women showed signs of rapidly gaining on, and in some cases even overtaking, their youthful counterparts.

Statistically speaking, the younger women were more free about sex in all its forms. But the more liberated older women—the swingers in the group—were far more liberated than the swingers in the young group.

Finally, and most important, the attitudes of the women of both groups seemed to have been largely shaped by the men these women had dated.

If a woman's male companions gave her the impression that they looked down on sexual freedom for females, or that they would not respect a woman who succumbed easily to a man's advances or desires, the woman generally was inhibited and resistant.

But if a man convinced her, for instance, that he appreciated wild, free, no-holds-barred sex—and if he really proved to her that he'd like her more if she acted that way—that's exactly the way the woman acted.

A case in point is that of Mary B., a 31-year-old housewife from northeastern Pennsylvania. A pretty woman, Mary got married for the first time when she was 19. That union ended in divorce four years later, and two years ago she married her second husband, 35-year-old Mike

"When I was in high school," Mary recalls, "I never let a boy kiss me on the first date, much less make love to me. I was always afraid the boy would lose respect for me if I was too 'fast.'"

"So I drew lines for myself that I never let boys cross: no kissing until the second date, no open-mouth kissing until the third, no touching breasts until we started going steady."

"In my senior year I began dating Roger, my first husband. He told me that one of the things he admired most about me was that I wasn't easy, that I was a big challenge to him. We went steady for the whole year, and I never let him get past touching my breasts. Then he asked me to marry him."

"I let him touch my vagina while we were engaged, but I never touched his penis and we never did anything else sexual. When we finally got married after going steady for two years, I was still a virgin."

Mary's sexual relations with Roger after their marriage were strained, to say the least. She didn't enjoy sex and always found herself thinking that life would be so much better if sex weren't part of it.

"I sometimes would feel sexual excitement," she reports, "but it wasn't excitement for lovemaking with Roger. It was just a vague sort of tingling for something else—something I couldn't describe and didn't know very much about, but something I definitely knew existed."

"Roger became very impatient with me. He accused me of not loving him and told me I was a lousy lay and a sexual cripple. I said that I was no different than I had been before he married me, and that maybe it'd be a good idea if I went to a psychologist. But he seemed to think that all I had to do was will myself to enjoy sex and I would."

"Finally, after about a year of marriage, he gave up on sex with me. He began spending a lot of time away from home—'poker games' with the boys, he called it; or 'hunting weekends' in the country. I knew he was seeing other women, but I didn't mind. I was relieved not to be the one who had to satisfy him sexually."

"Six months after a girl fell in love with, and, after about six months, they decided that they wanted to live together. He told me all about it and asked me for a divorce. Fortunately we didn't have any children, so I was happy to go along with him. The marriage had long since ended for me by that time, anyway."

After the divorce, Mary resumed dating—and enforcing the same ground rules she had put into effect with her high-school boyfriend. She found that not many men would ask her out a second time.

"That's when I really got an idea of what the sexual revolution was all about," she now recalls. "I knew that in high school I was more conservative than most girls, but I never dreamed how quickly things would change. By the time I started dating again after divorcing Roger, it was practically a whole new world, sexually speaking."

"Men were no longer willing to take excuses, and they no longer spoke about wanting to marry virgins or about respecting a girl who didn't 'pass it around'—at least not the men I dated. It was a whole different ball game, and I either had to play it by the new rules or else the man I was interested in would find another woman to play with."

Mary's realization that men would not tolerate her resistance was her first step toward sexual liberation. But it was only a step. She still needed someone to take her in hand and show her the positive side of sexual activity. She began to appreciate the joys of human sexual congress, the pleasures of giving satisfaction and receiving it in return.

She found that someone in Bill, a 25-year-old mechanic whom she met one night at a

Hello, my name is Norris Strauss . . .

and I've got to get something off my chest before I explode!

Photo by [illegible]

You may think I'm a big shot for putting a full page ad in *Complete Men's*. Actually I just work at a regular job which I enjoy. I was born and raised in Brooklyn as were my parents—I have many relatives here. I've only moved once in 28 years.

I'm not a racetrack character, nor am I fronting for anybody. Instead of a yacht, sports car and six figure bank account as system writers boast, I drive an ordinary klunker and live in a modest apt. (my family says it's too modest). But I have plenty of leisure and a local rep as a studious neighbor who burns the midnight oil. I was always fascinated by serious research on old Racing Forms to see what I could come up with . . . well, after many disappointments, I finally found the pot of gold.

I've hit onto something so royally big that I feel like the Chinese with a tiger by the tail, and it's driving me nuts! I went into a spin and ordered a whole stack of back issue Racing Forms, and I found a winning secret that WORKS, period. I can't express the joy of this achievement, nor the sense of power or well being—I feel SECURE.

If I didn't expect a nice pension—I plan to pull a slow one and live to 100, didn't enjoy my job, didn't have ample leisure, if my family wouldn't give me a hard time, if I weren't so darn timid, if my religious parents weren't so anti-gambling, I'd follow the sun from track to track. I've figured I can win over \$11,000 a year on \$20 bets, and that's more than I earn. What to do? What to do?

I need advice. How can I convince people? I've got the races beat out of the

frame and I just can't keep it to myself or I'll burst at the seams!

Maybe I shouldn't bring this up, as I have no proof and won't mention names. But something is odd—these horses are winning when they "shouldn't." If I've cracked a code involving track management, publishers or horsemen, or any related combination thereof, I'm ecstatic. If any group is making money on these winners, well—

I checked this method on old Racing Forms for the following periods: Nov. 68 through Apr. 68; Aug. 67 through 68; Jan. 68 through Sept. 68. All periods proved very profitable. Tightening the rules might improve it, but it looks great as is. Were these just lucky periods?

The system selects about 4% plays per day per track, so you can see this gets plenty of action. Past results have shown that you can expect to make about \$962 profit on \$20 win bets per month at one track. Winners will average about 30% with an average win mutual of about \$9.55.

It's completely mechanical and requires no judgment. It's really simple. If I were dying, I could whisper it to you in about 100 words (60 if I had rehearsed the scene). All you need is the Racing Form or Morning Telegraph. No need to be at the track.

Ever did anything wild on a lark? Want to join this adventure, come what may, for \$10? Ever thought of following the sun from track to track? Or perhaps playing the horses at the legal bookies in Vegas or Caliente? No job worries, no boss, sleep late, plenty of money—but most

important of all, living the kind of life so few people are ever able to.

One last word. You've seen system sellers using aliases from p.o. boxes and mail drops. Has any one of them ever signed his real name, given his history, worked for an honest living, stayed put over 60 days, or cared for anything except getting your money? Weigh that.

I can rush my complete secret to you by return mail for \$10. Check me out. Do what I did. Take any back Racing Forms over a reasonable period of time. Apply my system. If you can show me that it doesn't work, I'LL NOT ONLY REFUND YOUR \$10 BUT I'LL DOUBLE IT AND SEND YOU \$20. Fair enough?

State of New York
County of Kings

OATH

I hereby swear and affirm that I guarantee to refund double the cost to any purchaser who checks my method out on back Racing Forms over a period of at least 3 months and finds that it does not work.

Norris Strauss
Sworn to before me

Frank Gayer
FRANK GAYER
Notary Public State of New York
NO. 24-6473975

READ HOW THOSE USING MY SYSTEM ARE MAKING OUT WITH IT

I can't thank you enough for this system. So far all my back checking has proved to be correct. The following results were obtained through diligent checking:

Hollywood Park	July 1 to Aug. 1, 1972	\$1,294	(21 days)
Aqueduct	July 1 to Aug. 1, 1972	\$814	(27 days)
Saratoga	Aug. 3 to Aug. 29, 1970	\$824	(29 days)
Belmont Park	Aug. 31 to Sept. 30, 1970	\$862	(29 days)
Golden Gate	Mar. 27 to April 30, 1971	\$680	(31 days)
Dell Mar	July 24 to Aug. 31, 1970	\$4,262	(32 days)
Bowie	Mar. 24 to April 15, 1971	\$930	(15 days)
Santa Anita	Mar. 24 to April 15, 1971	\$1,900	(15 days)
Aqueduct	Mar. 24 to April 15, 1971	\$490	(17 days)
Longacres	Mar. 27 to June 28, 1970	\$2,278	(32 days)
Longacres	Aug. 1 to Sept. 12, 1970	\$1,840	(39 days)

I can just hardly believe it! Thanks to you I can win at the races—C.H., Seattle

Al Golden Gate here from Feb. 1948 opening day to March 26th the system showed a net profit of \$1728 on a \$25 flat win bet. A \$10 win \$10 place bet showed \$252 net profit. From March 26th to present—the overall profit has increased to \$1220 flat win (\$28)—F.S., El Centro, Calif.

Thank you Thank you Thank you! Everything you said is true. You have come up with the best system ever. I've tried to strengthen it, break it, refine it but I simply cannot come up with any way to improve on it. My success has been at the Liberty Bell and even when I wasn't at the track I squared the races and your

method proved itself time and time again—D. F., West Chester, Pa.

I am the owner of many racing systems, all which are very good. When I received the system which I ordered from you I tried the system. I checked and rechecked it, and I can truthfully say that it is one of the best systems I own.—M. F. W., South English, Iowa

Enclosed find results at the track for the last 2 months. It's incredible. I am ahead by \$1800. You may use my name for any testimonial—L. O., Los Angeles, Cal.

Incidentally, I find that the system's choice comes in 2nd often enough that it pays to bet both win and place. In fact sometimes as far as I've gone are last about double by betting both. Thanks for being one honest solicitor.—B. F., Gile Road, Ark.

I owe you a million thanks. Just like you said, it doesn't work at all times, but I'll be honest with you the highest number of winners comes in the money.—E. S., Mount Vernon, N.Y.

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dance.

"Bill dominated me like a great teacher dominates a pupil," she recalls. "The way he treated me, I never offered resistance because it never occurred to me to resist. He just acted as though he assumed I'd do whatever he wanted me to, and I did."

"When he touched my breasts and I didn't respond, he took my hands and placed them on his body, so that I'd know he wanted me to stroke him. Then, when he touched me between the legs, he took my hand and put it on his penis."

"I was embarrassed about touching him this way, because I never had done it before, but he seemed so forceful about it and so positive—so strong about it, really—that I never entered my mind not to go along with him."

"He continued to coach me like that in everything we did. He told me how to move when we made love, and he showed me how to do different things with my hands and mouth that pleased him."

"Finally, I began enjoying these things and I discovered the answer to the riddle that had bothered me during my marriage—the answer to the excitement that I had felt but couldn't define. The answer was that this lovemaking I had with Bill was what I had been looking for all along—uninhibited, without shame or guilt."

After Bill and Mary stopped dating (because he had to leave town for a new job), she responded enthusiastically to the sexual advances of other men.

These men, in turn, showed admiration—and respect—for her sexual freedom, and this made her feel even freer. Finally, when she met her present husband, Mike, she was fully ready for a totally open and loving relationship.

Asked if she has any advice for men who want to sexually liberate the women in their lives, she replies:

"There are three simple rules. One, don't let a girl resist. If she doesn't welcome your sexual advances, stop dating her. When enough men stop dating her, she'll realize that she can't continue that way if she still wants male companionship, and she'll be in the right frame of mind to be liberated. You might not directly reap the benefits of the liberation of a particular girl, but if all men act the same way, eventually all will reap the benefits."

"The second rule is, let a girl know that you admire and respect sexual freedom. Don't just tell her: You have to show her. Show her by being especially nice to her when she's sexually freest toward you. And repeatedly reassure her if she seems to be

wavering about accepting herself as a sexual being. Some women may be torn between the way they themselves want to be and the way they've been brought up to think they should be. They need a man to straighten them out."

"Third and last, don't talk about what you want to do sexually—just do it, and show your woman how to do it. Show her by moving her hand, by guiding her, or by doing the same thing to her that you want her to do to you. If you talk about it before hand, you may make her think too much about it. And she'll remember the old taboos that she's been taught. If you just go ahead and do it, she may get used to it before she has a chance to think about reasons for not doing it."

LIKE Mary, most of the female interviewees in the Eastman Foundation's pre-1941 group were brought up to think of sex as wrong and to think of themselves as evil if they permitted sexual enjoyment of any sort.

However, the Eastman study provides abundant evidence that this attitude is in the process of being overturned and that the man who makes it clear that he respects a sexually liberated woman is the man who is most apt to reap the benefits of her liberation.

Judy J. is a 22-year-old switchboard operator at a large manufacturing plant in central Texas. She told interviewers about two dates she had on consecutive evenings.

"On Tuesday night," she recalled, "I dated Tom, a nice-looking young man who works in the front office. He's about 25 and very friendly, but there was something about him that made me feel uncomfortable. Maybe it was the way he talked—he's a college graduate and he uses a lot of big words."

"Anyway, we went to dinner—he took me to a very nice place—and then to a movie. Afterwards, he took me back to my apartment and kissed me goodnight at the front door. I was about to invite him inside, but the way he kissed me made me hesitate. It was as if he really didn't expect to be asked in."

"On Wednesday, I dated Lou, one of the guys from the machine shop. He's also 25 and very outgoing, the type of guy a girl feels at home with the minute she meets him."

"He met me after dinner and took me out for a few drinks. We danced a while, then went back to his apartment. Inside he poured another drink for each of us, then sat next to me on the couch and started kissing me."

"The way he did it was as if he expected me to go along—with not the slightest

hesitation or uncertainty. So I went along, and I loved every minute of it because he was a terrific lover."

"We made love three times that night—once on the couch; another time on his bed, using the rear-entry position; and the third time in the shower."

"We had oral sex, too. We did just about everything in the books. And I didn't know Lou any better than I had known Tom."

It is not uncommon for a woman to show two completely different faces to two different men, and, judging from the responses of the Eastman interviewees, the main factor behind which face a girl shows is her expectation of which face a man wants to see.

"Sometimes," says Maude, a 19-year-old secretary from Indiana, "I have a real craving to do something wild. But I'm always afraid the guy I'm with won't like me if I let myself go, or will think that I've slept with everybody in town."

"So I hold back until I get a clear indication from him that he's ready for what I want to do. Unfortunately, nine out of 10 guys never give me the indication."

Those men who do, judging from the responses of both the older and the younger women in the Eastman survey, will more often than not find that the woman they are with is ready, willing and eager to oblige. And sometimes she'll be even more capable of obliging than the man suspected.

Paul, a 25-year-old waiter from Florida, tells of a date with a 20-year-old girl he met on the beach:

"We went back to my apartment and began fooling around, and pretty soon we were in bed. But I had a hard time entering her because I'm built fairly big and she was both tight and a little dry."

"Well, this had happened to me a number of times in the past, and I was all prepared for it. I had a big jar of Vaseline in the nightstand next to my bed. I took out the Vaseline and asked her to put some on my penis—while I put some on her genitals."

"Gee," she said, "Vaseline's not nearly as good as hand lotion or cold cream. Vaseline is sticky and gooey; the others are just nice and slick." Then she went to her purse and took out a small bottle of lotion. Something like Jergens.

"It felt cool and wonderful as she massaged it onto my penis. I became very erect, and was unbelievably excited. The aroma contributed to my excitement as well as the feel of the stuff. It was really one wild night—and I've kept a bottle of lotion in my nightstand ever since!"

The experiences of numerous other men in the Eastman survey pumiled Paul's. They indicate beyond any doubt that today's women—normal, average, every-day women—are no longer timid about what once used to be thought of as off-beat, or way-out, sex.

Most normal women today have at least some experience with oral sex, with masturbating a man, with unusual coital positions, and with sex in unconventional locations. Of those who do not, a great many would like very much to try one or more of these things, but need to be convinced that their men will not lose respect for them if they do.

"I like to think of myself as a liberated woman," says 25-year-old Alicia, a waitress in Little Rock, Arkansas, "but I'm also feminine and I let the man I'm with set the tone of our relationship."

"If he lets me know that he can handle it, I'm ready to try just about anything. If he doesn't show me that his head is in the right place, I'll just sit back and wait until the right guy comes along."

Her comments summarize very nicely the attitude of most modern women toward so-called "off-beat" sex. ●●●



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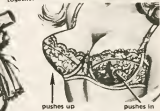


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FREE-LOVE GIRLS VS. 'ANGELS'

(Continued from page 22)

sexual upbringings.

The Williams' were very enthusiastic about these two activities—nudism and swinging. So enthusiastic that they had often spoken about the possibility of combining the two by opening a swinging nudist camp. What had prevented them from seriously trying to do so until they discovered Mother Lode, was money. They were working people who figured that buying a large tract of land and then building on it was way out of their reach.

But Mother Lode was another story. The land was fairly cheap. And with the land they would also get buildings. True, the buildings were dilapidated, but a few handymen, working in their spare hours could fix them up so that they were liveable. And to top it off, the town had a stream and pool nearby which could provide drinking water and recreation.

During the ride back home, Art explained to Karen the possibilities that came to his mind as he read the sheriff's notice, and she went for it in a big way. So did many of their nudist and swapping friends after hearing Art out. Thus, in a few weeks 20 young married couples and a few singles were willing to shell out the money for the back taxes.

Art bought Mother Lode without telling the county officials what it was to be used for, and shortly thereafter he and the handiest of his friends began putting Mother Lode back into liveable shape.

THROUGHOUT that whole summer and fall the men worked every spare moment they could. They shored up all but the most rundown buildings; constructed a viaduct to bring water from the stream into the buildings; dug septic tanks, and filled in those spots where the street had caved in on the old mine shafts beneath, posting warning signs at the filled-in areas since they were not sure how strong the filled-in areas were.

In late spring, 1968, the first batch of swinging nudists arrived. A meeting was convened in the building which once housed the town saloon—and which was re-dubbed the Social Hall. The purpose of the meeting was to decide upon a name for the group. Someone suggested naming it after Eros, the Greek god of love. The majority of the members approved, and the Eros Society for Self-Improvement was born.

The society was, as stated earlier, made up of young married couples when the Williams' had met through their nudist and swinging activities; as well as a few single men and women who the married couples thought would fit in. They had all gotten to know each other via ads in underground newspapers or via meetings at swinging affairs. The men had all sorts of occupations, came from all sorts of backgrounds. But for the most part they were working men in their late twenties and early thirties. The women were either housewives or working girls and their average age was 24.

There were only two hard-and-fast rules members had to obey. One concerned secrecy. No one, all members agreed, was to talk about Mother Lode—not even to their closest friends. This was to prevent word of any kind from leaking out concerning the activities that took place there. Privacy, they felt, was the key to the success of Mother Lode. The other rule was that anyone who came to Mother Lode had to do so with a

partner. This was to insure that an equal number of men and women would be on hand at all times so no one would be left out of the festivities.

The festivities themselves were what you'd expect from a group of dedicated mate-swapping nudists. From late spring to early fall everyone went nude. The pool in the back of the town provided an excellent swimming hole and also an exotic meeting spot where swappers could do their thing. Most of the sports—volleyball, soft ball, touch football—were mixed, and events often ended up in a mass swapping session. In the evenings, erotic films were sometimes shown as a means of departure from the usual swapping games the couples played at home. One of their favorite games—inspired by the history of The Wild West—was to pretend that the men were an indian raiding party which swooped down on a town of helpless women. The object, of course, was for each "indian" to carry off the woman of his choice.

During the summers of 1968 and 1969, the members enjoyed the privacy they sought. No one ever mentioned the going-on-to-outside, and what few people accidentally did wander near the town were stopped by a chain across the only road into Mother Lode. They were told by the guard posted there—one of the club members who was fully clothed—that they were entering private property. The men who acted as guards took turns, being relieved every three hours. In all, during those two summers the guards stopped only a dozen people who chanced to come down that road.

But in late spring of 1970, things started to change. People who were stopped became curious and sought ways of gaining entrance to see what was going on. Most of them failed, being spotted long before they neared the town. However, one or two curiosity seekers did manage to catch sight of the town and the activities. And word of this filtered to the outside, which only served to attract more curiosity seekers. Three times during that summer the club members had to forcibly remove intruders, including a group of locals who wanted to join in the activities. Soon it became obvious that there was only one way for the Eros Society to insure their privacy—and that was to hire professional guards to patrol the land surrounding their town. But that would create a big money problem, for professional guards would cost a great deal.

So to figure out a way to get professional guards cheaply, a meeting was held in the Social Hall during the last week of the 1970 season.

AFTER they discussed the problem at length, one of the members came up with the idea which was to eventually lead to the "war" mentioned at the beginning.

Why not take a page out of the book of the rock festival producers? he suggested. To keep order at their festivals, they hired bands of motorcyclists to police the crowds. The Eros Society could do the same thing: Hire a band of cyclists to patrol the outskirts of the town on their bikes and turn back any intruders. The cyclists could be hired cheaply, and just the sight of them would be enough to discourage intrusions.

Most of the members thought it was a good idea. One of the men was then assigned to do the hiring during the coming winter so that

when the spring of 1971 came the cyclists would be on hand for guard duty. That winter, the man chosen to do the hiring picked five cyclists who were not part of any gang, but who ran together. The cyclists were offered \$100 a weekend, plus room and board. They were also told they would live in a building set away from the members, and that they would not be permitted to join in the activities or mess with the women. The cyclists, seeing a chance to get away from the city during the summer and get paid for it, agreed. In June of 1971 the riders arrived and began their patrol duties. They set up a system so that three of them drove around the town during the daytime, and two at night.

The system worked well. For at the beginning they caught a few curiosity seekers, and soon rumor had it that the nudists had hired a huge gang of cycle devils to protect them. That was enough to discourage anyone from sneaking around. Or it was until late July, when all hell broke loose.

It broke loose when a gang of 25 "Angels" passed through the nearest town on their way to a booze-and-sex bash in the hills. They stopped at a gas station to fill their tanks, and the attendant asked if they were the ones the "nudist nuts" had hired to keep outsiders away. They said they weren't but wanted to hear more about the "nudist nuts." The attendant told them the whole story—with a few expletives thrown in about the "wild orgies" that took place.

What the cycle gang heard, it liked. "Why ride any further to a bash," one of them asked, "if we can have one right here? Think of all those nude chicks runnin' around just waitin' for us."

The rest needed no more persuasion. They hopped on their bikes and roared down the road in the direction of Mother Lode, stopping off only at a roadside bar to quench their thirst.

When they reached the chain guarding the entrance to Mother Lode, they were stopped by the cyclist-guards. When they asked the "Angels" what they wanted, one of them grinned and said, "The nude chicks, man. And whatever booze they have stashed away there."

The guards, out of loyalty to the first people to trust them in spite of their rough appearance, shook their heads. "There are no nude chicks for you," one of them said. "So just turn your bikes around and leave."

"C'mon, man," one of the "Angels" pleaded. "We're 'cycle bums just like you. We share and share alike, right? Us bums gotta' stick together. So why don't you just step aside and let us pass. Better yet, why don't you join us?"

The guards were firm. They were hired to do a job, and they were going to do it.

"Look, man," the leader of the "Angels" said. "We don't want to fight you guys. So I'll make a deal with you. You ride to those people, and tell 'em we're here and what we want. Tell 'em if they let us 'sample' a few of their chicks, we'll ride away peaceful like. From what I hear goes on in this place, the chicks won't be doing anything for us that will bother them. You do this and nobody gets hurt, O.K.?"

The guards started to refuse. But the leader of the gang didn't give them a chance to finish. Instead, he said, "Go down and ask 'em. It can't hurt, can it?"

One of the sentries agreed to the suggestion. He figured that in this way he could at least prepare the Eros people for what was coming, although he didn't really think it would do them any good.

When he reached Mother Lode, he gave the Eros people the ultimatum. In turn, the Eros people became enraged. "Sex is great," one of the girls explained, "but only when it's mutually agreed upon. Under 'shotgun' conditions like they want it, it becomes obscene, even criminal. You can tell them that for

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us." "Then they're gonna 'come lookin' for you," their protector said, "and they won't be gentle about it. There are 25 of them and only five of us. We'll be able to hold them off, but I don't know for how long."

"Just give us time," one of the men pleaded. "I just give us time to prepare for them. If they come looking for us we won't be gentle, either."

The guard said they'd do the best they could. He then gathered up the two off-duty cyclists and they rode back to the chain barrier across the road.

"**T**HEY said no," he told the "Angels" when they reached them. "So why don't you just turn around and leave 'em alone?"

Surprisingly, the leader gave in without a struggle. Or at least appeared to. Turning his bike around, he started off, beckoning for his companions to follow him. The guards stood and watched the brutes disappear around a bend, not believing their eyes. It was all too easy, they knew. The "Angels" were up to something.

They found out what that something was pretty quickly. For soon the "Angels" were returning, all 25 cycles screaming around the bend in the road and racing for the chained barrier. Two cycles hit the chain and bounced off, throwing their riders to the ground. Since the road was wide enough to accommodate just two vehicles abreast, only two more riders came barreling down. The chain held against the crash of the third cycle; but with the fourth, it gave way. Seeing the chain break, the rest of the Angels roared through in a steady stream and made straight for the town.

At the same time, the five guards followed along the outer flanks of the "Angels" and flailed away at them with their cycle chains. They brought down three more before the riders entered the town.

From here it was pretty easy sailing for the "Angels"—or so it seemed. They rode confidently down the main street looking for girls, and finally spotted one when she broke from between two buildings to flee across the street into a building on the other side. As soon as the "Angels" saw her, they took up the chase and were tricked. For very suddenly a rope was pulled taut across the street about chest high. The lead cyclists ran into it and were flung from their seats. The subsequent pile up downed three more "Angels." The rest then retreated to the head of the street to await their downed comrades and to plan another assault.

The next time they came down the street

they came more slowly—and greatly spaced out. But they were again caught by surprise. For as soon as they passed the Social Hall, a group of male nudists appeared from the doorway, charging the "Angels" with baseball bats in their hands. When they reached the "Angels," they thrust the bats between the motorcycle spokes and then made for the safety of Social Hall again. Joining them were their five cycle guards.

Sprawled across the street were overturned motorcycles, baseball bats between their spokes, and dazed riders. Once again the gang retreated to the head of the street, and in the confusion they failed to notice two girls make a run for it to get some outside help. One girl, nude from the waist up, reached the nudists' jeep and took off through the rear of town. The other girl, totally nude, grabbed one of the downed motorcycles, stood it upright, hopped onto it and raced across an open field.

Meanwhile, the gang planned its next charge. Only this time they were more cautious than ever, expecting the nudists to try something wild. Twice nudists tried to surprise them by rushing them, and twice the "Angels" held back from meeting the charge. Finally, they formed one solid block of roaring machines, and they attacked the Social Hall en masse.

The surging motorcycles were too much for the nudists to handle. They barred the door to the Hall, but the "Angels" battered it down. Then they broke into the building and the nudists scattered, re-grouping their ranks in another building. Thus, the "Angels" once again had an obstacle they had to break.

So it went from building to building with the "Angels" battering down the door of one place and the nudists taking refuge in another. The "Angels" were not discouraged, for they knew that eventually the nudists would run out of buildings and have to face them in the open. Then, they knew, it would be no contest.

While this was going on, the two girls who had escaped reached the main highway. The girl in the jeep turned right and sought help in a nearby roadside bar. The customers were understandably stunned when the beautiful, half-naked, nudist burst in on them, pleading for them to help her friends. But she was finally able to get through to them, and the bar patrons were eager to help. The owner of the bar distributed as handles, and then everyone in the bar piled into two trucks and sped for Mother Lode.

Meanwhile, the girl on the motorcycle had raced up the highway and flagged down the first motorist she came across. As she stood in the middle of the highway, totally nude,

telling a bewildered traveling salesman what had happened, a crowd of more car drivers built up. When she had finished, several of the motorists volunteered to help. So with the nude girl on the motorcycle leading the way, a caravan of cars made its way to Mother Lode to give aid to the besegged nudists.

AT the time, the nudists and their guards could have used all the help they could get, too. For they had reached the last building with a door intact. Beyond that was an open field, where any nudist on foot would be easy prey to a man on a motorcycle. Knowing this, the nudists barred the door with every stick of furniture in the place, then added the weight of their own bodies to the pile. Five times the "Angels" battered at the door, and five times they failed to crack it. But with each effort the door gave a little. On the sixth charge, it broke open. The nudists and their guards then ran off in every direction as the "Angels" burst into the house. Most of the nudists made it out through the back of the building, and the rest through windows. Then they all crossed to a field and re-grouped. Here they prepared to go down fighting rather than give in to the demands of the "Angels."

Seeing all the nudists together, the "Angels" formed a long line and prepared to charge. First, they revved up their motors. Then on a spoken signal from their leader they zoomed towards the field, intending to surround the nudists when they reached them.

But as the nudists prepared to meet the assault one of the eeriest happenings in the whole incident of eerie happenings happened.

There was a deep rumble from underground and the astonished nudists watched the earth swallow up the whole line of "Angels." When they approached the split in the ground, they saw 50 motorcycles lying in a pit 10 feet deep, entangled in a mass of arms, legs and motorcycles. Some of the "Angels" were unconscious, and a few were moaning in pain. It was apparent that the "Angels" would do no more bike riding that day, and perhaps for many days to come.

"It was pretty obvious what had happened," Art Williams said a month afterwards. "The 'Angels' had ridden over the stretch of land where there had been a cave-in once because of the mine shafts underneath. We had filled the cave-in, but weren't too confident that our patch work would hold up. We had even posted warning signs for the members to heed. But the 'Angels' didn't bother reading those signs. When they passed over the mine shafts the weight of all those motorcycles caused another cave-in."

"When the girls returned with the help they had gathered, there was nothing for the rescuers to do. They just stood at the edge of the cave-in and scratched their heads in bewilderment. Thinking back on it now, it's like a comedy. But believe me, while it was happening no one was laughing. As for the 'Angels,' we called the nearest hospital where their injuries were attended to. We refused to press assault charges because none of us got hurt, and the publicity from any trial would have had all of us plastered across every newspaper in the state. And that's exactly what we didn't want—publicity. A trial would have defeated our purpose."

The Eros Society for Self-Improvement plans to open up again in 1972, in spite of what they went through last summer. Only this time, 10-foot-high barbed wire fences instead of patrolling motorcyclists will keep outsiders out.

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Since I couldn't say any of the Latin clichés, I told Kathy I was interested in meeting a few other girls. We went back to The Book. I picked out a girl blindly, closing my eyes, opening to page and putting my finger on a description without seeing what it was.

"Let's see how my luck goes," I said, and Kathy made a date for me with the girl I drew for the following afternoon.

The girl's name was Judy. She had shoulder-length, brown hair and a freckled but sensuous face. She was about 30 but looked to be 22. She was thin, with nice-sized breasts and an incredibly sweet rear end. She was wearing a pantsuit which had been poured onto her. We took to each other instantly.

"Oh, I'm going to be very nice to you," she said a minute after we met. And she was.

We found a room with another water bed. I started to undress and Judy stopped me. "Let me do it," she said. She slowly unbuttoned my shirt, tracing her tongue along my exposed chest. The more undressed she got me, the more excited she seemed to get. When she got my pants off she moaned throatily, making a sound that by itself nearly gave me an orgasm. The next thing I knew she had her mouth around me. As she made oral love to me, she gave out little cries and screams that told me she was having her own orgasm—a long, intense one—all the time she was working me up to mine.

Getting into bed with her was almost anticlimactic—but great. Still, we gave the bed a workout. Afterward, it took a lot of persuasion to get her to leave me alone long enough so I could question her.

"You really like my job," I said.
"Love it," she replied.
"Well, let's rest for a moment and talk. I'm busted."

She ignored my request. Instead, she continued playing with me, running her fingers over my body. "Like this?" she finally asked.
"Feels great," I said. "Where'd you learn it?"

"From my husband."
"You're married?"
"Yep."
"What does your husband do?"
"Not much. He's a multi-millionaire. Runs an art gallery to kill time, but he doesn't have to work. You know, this is really turning me on."

"Yeah," I said. "It's turning me on, too. How come you're working here? You couldn't net the money?"

"Yes I do. He doesn't give me enough allowances."

"That's why you came here originally?"
"No, love. I came to get my rocks off. For sex. For this. Here, put your hand down here. Oh, oooh, that's good."

"So why do you charge anything at all?"
"Oh, yeah, keep doing that. Because I figured later on I could make some extra money and get my jollies at the same time."

"How much you gonna charge me?"
"If you keep that up, I'm gonna pay you."
"Aren't you afraid you'll meet one of your husband's friends here?"

"I already have. He thought it was a gas. He's one of my best customers now. Our friends aren't narrow-minded people, you know. They don't run and tell. Oooh, that's good."

"How'd you find out about this place?"
"I went to school with a girl who worked here before me. Now stop asking questions and go in me. Fm, oh hell, I'm gonna burst if you don't."

As it turned out she charged me \$30. Before I left, I thumbed through the book again and picked out a girl named April whose recommendations were that she was Japanese, a "hot flower from the East," who

specialized in Oriental love techniques. I came back the next day to meet her.

She was small and lovely. But not shy like most Japanese women. She radiated intense sexuality—and she knew it.

Her Oriental specialties turned out to be the ability to excite me by manipulating with her hands, or kissing with her mouth, areas of my body I thought were immune to arousal. She also turned out to be a master of sensual vaginal contractions. I lay exhausted on the bed when we were finished, totally wiped out.

"You're too much," I said.
She smiled. "Thank you. Would you like me to show you a Japanese way to revive your strength?"

"Sure."
"Be right back."

She came back with some ice wrapped in plastic and covered with silk. Lovingly, she touched it to key areas of my body, blowing a gentle cool stream of air with her mouth at the same time. It revived me.

Fifteen minutes later I was exhausted again. "You must have had some education in Japan," I said.

She laughed. "I learned that here from another Japanese girl," she said.

"Here in this house?"

"Yes."
"How did you come to work here?"

"Oh, for money. A girl needs money, especially an exchange student like me. Prices in your country are very high—much higher than in Japan."

"Won't this dishonor your family?" I said, thinking of the traditional Oriental concern for face.

"What they don't know can't hurt them," she said. Obviously, she had become very Americanized. "Besides, who cares about that kind of thing. This is 1971. I can do what I want. I like to do this so I do it. If I didn't like it, I wouldn't do it, even for 10 times the money."

"You're an interesting girl," I said.

"I know," she replied.

I took a couple of days off, partly because there was nothing I thought could follow April's act, partly because I had other work to do. After my "recess" I made another appointment with a black girl whose credentials included "incredible number of positions."

WHEN I returned to the house, I noticed one of the red lights was out. After I met the black chick, whose name was Sylvia, I pointed this out to her. "One of your lights is burned out," I said. "Better get it fixed."

"It's not out, that's the way it's supposed to be. You know that. There's a mild caution on."

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"Didn't anybody tell you?"

"Tell me what?"

"Oh, crap, you shouldn't even be in here if nobody told you. Those are warning lights out there. We got people posted in an apartment in the building across the street. They watch the block all the time. They see anything suspicious, anything resembling a cop, they call up and we flash the warning."

"You see all four lights on, that means everything's okay. Three lights, that's a mild warning—someone on the block looks suspicious. Two lights, very suspicious—enter at your own risk. One light, get the hell out of here fast. No lights, we're closed for business. Why you think I try call this the 'House of the Lights' for it's because of those lights. You really should have told the system. Whoever brought you here really screwed up."

I didn't tell her who had brought me. "Do the cops bother you much?" I asked.

"Nope. We've never been busted. We only got to one light once, and that turned out to



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be a false alarm. We got everybody out the back way, anyway."

After that, we got down to introductions. Sylvia, by the way was stunning looking. Tall, long legs, one of those thin bodies that didn't really hint at how large her breasts were, a great face. One of the sharpest looking black chicks I'd ever seen.

What they said in the book about her number of positions was an understatement. I learned things about the ways the body can bend I wouldn't have believed was possible. And she made it all easy. "Here baby, just turn your leg this way. Oooh, that's right, that's it. Ay, ay, ay." The girl was incredible in another way. She was able to sustain a prolonged orgasm. I stopped after an hour, but felt she could have kept right on going making her "ay, ay" sounds to signal her excitement.

"Wow, I said later. That was some work-out."

"Yeah, for me, too."

"You do this a lot?"

"Couple times a week. I love it."

"Oh, yeah. What do you do the rest of the time?"

"I'm a nurse. Night shift."

"Why you do this then?"

"Fun and profit. I got a kid brother to support. My parents got killed in a car crash when we were younger. This is the finest way I know to make extra bread."

"You like it, huh?"

"Groovy, baby. Who doesn't like balling? I get good lovings here. No garbage. No crude, cheap guys. They screen well. Hell, why should I give it away if I can get paid for doing something I like?"

I ran my hand over her nipple until it was erect. She moaned softly. "You like this, huh?"

"Oh, love it. Don't stop."

"It never bothers you, making it with white guys?"

"Bother me? Does it look like it bothers me? Oh, ooh, baby. I like it with anybody. White, black, purple, green. Just so long they know what they're doing."

I knew what I was doing

AFTER that, I really had enough material for my story. Really I did. But one description in The Book tempted me: A girl who was really turned on, it said, by voyeurism.

Her name was Barbara. She was short, busty as hell, with one of those unbelievably small waists and big ass. And was she turned on by voyeurism!

We sat and watched the movies in the screening room for a while and she couldn't keep her mouth off me all the while. She had orgasms galore as we watched. Later we moved to a bedroom and she set up a projector in there, then proceeded to do to me everything the girl on the screen was doing. It was a wild trip.

When we finally came down from it, I asked her a few things about herself and discovered she was another college girl: She was taking her Masters degree in home economics. She wanted to get married and be a housewife—that was her goal. Why was she working in the house? "Oh, money, of course. And experience. I think this'll be great experience for me when I get married. I'm learning how to manage a home in school and here I'm learning everything else I've got to know to be a good wife."

Barbara is gonna make some guy very happy, I thought.

Before I left, she said one revealing thing to me: "Hey, you were good. I'm gonna put you in the book."

"What book?"

"Oh, we keep a book rating the men. A lot of the girls, when a guy calls them, they check out his rating. That way they know whether they're getting somebody real good

in bed. A lot of girls won't charge somebody with a top rating."

"Who thought up this idea?" I asked.

"Oh, the women who opened this place. They did it as a joke at first, but then it became a big thing. The girls all like the idea."

"Who's got the best rating?"

"Oh, this sailor from Indiana. He spent three weeks here on leave once and made it with 25 different chicks. No one charged him anything. He was great."

I left hoping I'd be highly rated.

Unfortunately, it doesn't matter now. For the "Bordello of the Red Lights" suddenly closed up this past August. All the girls disappeared—and the building was quickly converted into an apartment house.

What happened? I don't know for sure, but I do have a few ideas.

You see, New York City began a massive anti-vice campaign early in 1971. And one of the places raided and closed was in some very important respects quite a bit like the "Bordello of the Red Lights": It was run by college girls from Latin America who had come to the United States as exchange students; and it had red lights in its windows. I figure this new house was opened by girls who had a falling out with the women who ran the "Bordello of the Red Lights" on New York's West Side. So when the new bordello was raided, it must have made the women who ran the original place on the West Side highly nervous, fearful that the girls who were picked up might blow the whistle on what was happening on the West Side. Finally, if I figure correct, the girls decided to close up their plush bordello instead of waiting around anxiously each night to be raided.

Whether I'm right or wrong in my speculations, this much is certain: The "Bordello of the Red Lights" no longer exists on the West Side—and almost every man and woman who made love in it has to be a little sad about that.



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'JAGUAR SWAMP'

(Continued from page 19)

was in the lead, followed by Sansone. Julio was bringing up the rear. I was carrying a .30-.30 rifle under my one arm. The going was rough, the trail a twisting one that led under and between snarled trunks of mangrove trees. Sometimes we had to hack our way through with machetes. But I wasn't discouraged. I had seen the jaguar's fresh tracks, and I knew that sooner or later, no matter where he went in the swamp, I was going to get the son-of-a-bitch; that the obsession that haunted me for 12 long months would soon end.

It was still early morning. Ahead I could see where the tangle of mangroves thinned, which meant we had almost reached the open mud flats. I was just getting ready to call back this news to Sansone and Julio when there was a shriek of terror from behind me coming from the Indian guide. Sansone yelled out, "Luke! Help! It's Julio!"

I swung around, jamming the stock of the rifle into my hip as I had taught myself to do so I could shoot one-handed. Immediately I saw that Julio had been jumped by two giant jaguars. The great, spotted cats had sprung from either side of the trail, pounced on Julio without warning, and now held him pinned to the ground. Both jaguars were about six to seven feet in length and had the powerful square chests and immense hind legs which made them incredibly swift when springing from cover or when on the run.

In the few seconds it took me to line the rifle barrel up with the two jaguars, I realized what must have happened. The jaguar we were tracking must have doubled back on us and joined up with a second jaguar to attack Julio without warning.

Keith Sansone, having warned me, was now flat in the mud to give me a clear shot at the jaguars. But I had to hold my fire until one of the cats reared back far enough away from the guide's writhing body for me to risk a shot. When it happened, I fired flat-out, and the .30-.30 slug caught the cat in the center of the skull and dropped it where it stood. I put two more bullets into the carcass for insurance.

The second animal had sprung back from Julio's body at the first sound of my shots. When I swung the rifle toward it, I squeezed the trigger too quickly and missed. But the shot was close enough so that the bullet must have creased its hide. It snarled angrily, spun around, and went streaking for the tangle of mangrove as I sent two more bad shots after it. Unhappily, I could hear him getting away, the sound of its movements rapidly receding into the distance.

As the animal retreated, Sansone was up on his feet, running toward Julio's body, which lay face-down in the mud. Sansone bent and rolled him over on his back. Julio was dead, his eyes still wide open and staring sightlessly. And his throat was so savagely ripped that his head was almost severed from his body. If there was any consolation to his death at all, it was that he probably hadn't suffered much, having been killed quickly, almost the instant that the two animals sprang upon him.

I stared down at the Indian's body for several seconds, cursing bitterly. I had despised the vicious, spotted cats before with a cold, calculating passion. Now I hated them with a hot rage. Julio's death was one more example of what I had often read and heard about the

jaguar—that the predatory cat was one of the few animals that kills simply for the sake of killing.

When I went over and examined the jaguar I had shot, I saw that it had the normal number of claws on each paw. So it meant that the big cat that I missed was the one I had come looking for. The paw prints I led behind proved that again. I had come close, but that wasn't good enough.

"What do we do now?" Sansone asked. "We wrap Julio's body in some of the tarpaulin in the pack and carry it back to the boat," I said. All three of us had been wearing backpacks which contained, among other supplies, rolls of tarpaulin to shelter us if it rained.

"No, I mean what do we do after that?" Sansone said. "You're still not going to go after the jaguar without Julio to guide you—or are you?"

"I'm still going," I said. Sansone shrugged, then helped me wrap the body. After finishing, he carried the body by the shoulders and I held it up by the feet. We went back through the swamps the way we had come until we reached the rowboat by the river bank. The Indian guide placed Julio's body in the bottom of the boat. Sansone looked at me curiously and said, "Look, Luke, don't take offense now, but don't you think you've become kind of fanatic about killing this jaguar. Why don't we call the hunt off for now, take Julio's body back, and see if we can find another guide?"

I shook my head wearily. "I'm going on after the jaguar," I said. "Now that I know it's there, in the swamp, nothing can stop me."

"I understand how you feel," Sansone said. "But I just don't want us both to get killed."

"Look, kid," I told him, "you don't have to go back in there with me. This thing's between me and the jaguar. You don't have to take chances with your life."

"No, Luke," Sansone said, "if you're going back, I'm going with you."

Keith Sansone was 22 years old—which was five years younger than me—and had plenty of guts, which I had to admire him for. Of course what he said about going back to get another guide made sense. And of course I was fanatic about hunting down the jaguar—and nothing, and nobody, was going to make me stop. All I had to do was remember that day when the very same jaguar tore my arm off to start the anger and hate boiling up inside me.

IT was almost exactly one year earlier, in late spring of 1970, that the whole thing started. My home town is St. Joe, Missouri. But for five or six years, I haven't had a permanent address anywhere. My home had been wherever I could find a job as a bulldozer operator on a construction project.

I had just finished up a job in Reno when I was hired for a Honduras project and decided to make the trip by car down the Pan-Am Highway. One reason I'd decided to drive was because I wanted to take along my hunting dog, Ranger, who was just about the best dog I've ever owned. I've always liked to hunt ever since I was a kid in Missouri. I had had Ranger for three years when we set out on the trip to Honduras. I had raised him from a two-week old pup and he was one hell of a good hunting dog.

The trip was pretty interesting, especially after we got into Mexico, which I'd never seen much of before. I was especially curious when we got south of Mazatlan, on the Pan-Am Highway, and began skirting the edge of the desolate Agua Bravo swamp. I had read up on the country before I left Nevada, and I knew that the Agua Bravo was also known to

(Continued on page 70)

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Mexicans as the Lost Swamp.

It was about mid-afternoon when I reached the section of road that ran along the swamp, and which was pretty deserted. Since I knew the Aca Bravo extended for about 150 miles down the Pan-Am Highway, I was pushing the car hard to get past it before it got too late in the day. But about half-way into the swamp, the right front tire blew. I was damn mad, but there was nothing to do except get out and change to one of the spare tires in the trunk.

Ranger started whining and barking when I left him in the car. So since there wasn't much traffic, I decided it was safe to let him out to run about while I fixed the flat. When I opened the car door, Ranger bounded out, tail wagging, and went loping around the car several times. Then he trotted over to the side of the highway and sniffed the ground near the edge of the swamps. He was a well-trained dog and I knew I didn't have to worry about him wandering off while I was concentrating on changing the tire. So I was surprised and puzzled when I suddenly heard Ranger yelping and howling. Running around the side of the car to look, I saw Ranger was down on the ground. A giant jaguar had him by the throat, shaking him like a rag doll.

If I'd stopped to think, I'd have seen how cockeyed crazy I was to do what I did next. But the whole thing had taken me by surprise so I didn't stop to think. Instead, I grabbed the wrench I'd been using to change the tire and went racing across the road toward Ranger and the jaguar. I never even gave a thought to the Winchester rifle in the back of the car. After all, I'd never expected to see a jaguar right there on the highway.

When I got close to the big cat, it raised its head and straddled the dog's body, glaring at me out of bloodshot eyes. I flung the wrench and struck the jaguar a glancing blow across its haunches. I thought that might be enough to drive the beast away from Ranger. But the jaguar went down into a snarling crouch in front of me, and against its head, bloodless lips quivered back to show its yellowed fangs. Then it sprang for me, slamming into me with tremendous force, sending me down.

The hissing, spitting cat was up over me in a flash, its powerful teeth slashing at my throat. I threw my right arm up to ward it off, and felt its powerful jaws snap shut on my arm. Immediately, I was aware of a brutal tearing sensation, but I was not truly conscious of what was happening. I would probably have died there on the highway if the driver of a diesel trailer truck, headed from Mexico to the U.S., hadn't come along.

Everything that happened next was a blur to me. I heard about it later. The truck driver saw the jaguar chewing on my arm and came to my rescue, driving the cat away by trying to run it down with his truck. He almost piled his truck into the swamp, in the process, but he did succeed in chasing the jaguar off. The driver then put a tourniquet on my mangled arm and drove me to a hospital in Mazatlan. When I regained full consciousness a few days later, I had only one arm. I was told then that I'd been attacked by a most unusual jaguar. For people who went to the scene later on found his paw prints in soft mud as it fled to the swamp—and discovered that it had an abnormal, extra claw on each of its front paws.

After I recovered from the operation, I went back to St. Joe to recuperate. For the next several months all I lived for was to recover my strength and prepare myself to return to the swamp and kill that cursed cat. Day after day during this period, I spent almost all my time practicing shooting one-handed with my .30-.30 rifle. I had always been a good shot, but now I became an expert marksman—so good I could shoot from the hip or the shoulder with almost equal skill.

During the almost 12 months it took me to

regain my strength and perfect my marksmanship, I also read everything I could find about jaguars. By the time I returned to Mazatlan in the late spring of 1971, I was an authority on the .30-.30 rifle, the jaguar, and vengeance. I discovered that the jaguars of the swamps prey on unlucky tourists along the Pan-Am Highway and had become known as the "Teror of the Pan-Am Highway," having killed off several motorists.

I also found that my particular jaguar—with the bizarre extra claws—had become well-known to the Mexican Indians of the area, often sneaking out of the swamps to attack small villages and make off with animals. Dogs especially seemed to be a delicacy for the jaguar—dogs as well as humans. When the Indians learned that I meant to return to the swamps to hunt the jaguar down, one of the Indian men, Julio, offered his services as guide. Julio had lost a younger brother to the jaguar. Keith Sansome, an amateur photographer from Lawton, Oklahoma, who was visiting Mexico, pleaded with me to let him accompany us for the adventure. I agreed.

THE three of us had gone by roadblock deep into the swamps and had spent four days trying to track down the elusive jaguar. We had spotted him on four different occasions but each time he had managed to lose us. And then had come the moment when the big cat, along with another jaguar, had attacked and killed Julio.

After depositing Julio's body, I decided to go after the huge cat in a different way I told Sansome: "We've been trying to track him as he moved through the jungle. And he's too quick. This time we're going to back-track him."

We set out again, this time moving swiftly until we reached the spot where we had spotted the tracks earlier. Once there, however, instead of following the tracks forward, we began to double back, following them in reverse. The trail led us along a zig-zag course, around mangrove thickets, across open flats that had been lagoons during the wet season but were now already beginning to dry up. Sometimes we were in mud up to our knees. At other times we had to wade across waist-high deep water.

A couple of times we lost the trail, but were always able to pick it up again. In addition to its tracks, the jaguar left other evidence of its passage: feathers where the big cat had killed and eaten an egret, and the remains of other birds and turtles the jaguar had fed on. Finally, late in the afternoon, we



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dock was a Frenchwoman, Madame Justine Bercaut, the 75-year-old widow of the man who had managed the copra plantation on the atoll until he died. She was waiting for two coffins which she'd ordered from Brisbane, Australia. One was for her dead husband. She intended to disinter his body and then, as she put it, rebury it in "a manner befitting a gentleman of importance." The other coffin was for her—when she passed on.

After the captain of the *Gambier* delivered the coffins to her, she reached into her pocketbook for the money with which to pay the freight charges. To her surprise, though, he refused to accept her money. "There's no charge for delivering these coffins," said Andy Gleason, the American-born captain of the *Gambier*. "You see, these coffins saved the lives of my wife and myself."

How the coffins saved the lives of Gleason and his wife Yvette, who is half-French and half-Polynesian, is an astonishing tale. And even people used to astonishing tales—such as the police of the French-administered Loyalty Islands northeast of Australia—were astonished by Gleason's adventure.

ANDY Gleason first saw the Loyalties Islands in 1968 while serving with the U.S. Navy. When his ship docked in Australia, he took his leave in the Loyalties to see what the famed South Pacific islands were really all about. And there he met Yvette, the daughter of a Polynesian woman and a Frenchman who ran a small trading company.

The moment Gleason set eyes on Yvette, he flipped, for Yvette was one of the most gorgeous creatures he'd ever seen. Her beautifully sculptured face; her black, silky hair that fell below her shoulders; her pert, uplifted breasts; her waist so narrow he could almost encircle it with his hands; and her long, lithe legs—they all made her stand out even among the famously beautiful Polynesian women.

After a 30-day courtship Gleason and Yvette were married, and the American sailor promised he'd return as soon as he got his discharge. When he did, six months later, he bought a beat-up ship that was built in 1912 from a retiring South Sea hand with money he had saved during his 10 years with the U.S. Navy. His idea was to use the ship as the man he bought it from had used it—to ferry passengers and freight along the numerous islands of the Loyalty group. He figured Yvette could make a pretty good guide for themselves this time since they knew everything there was to know about ships and they knew the islands.

Together, Gleason and Yvette fixed things up a bit. They reshored the ketch's two masts, replaced the hull's rotting beams, and bought junkyard parts to put more zip into the ancient auxiliary engine.

When they started fixing things up, the ship had been in miserable shape. When they finished, it was in lousy shape, much better than before, but still lousy. Lousy enough for Yvette to remark: "Anyone who'd heard he has to be a gambler." Gleason laughed and re-christened her the *Gambler*. Then with Yvette serving as his first-mate—as his whole "crew," as a matter of fact—they went into business, going from one island to another with fairly frequent trips to Brisbane, Australia, to pick up cargo destined for the Lovueta Islands.

On July 15, 1971—a couple of years after they took over the Gambier—Gleason and his wife were docked in Brisbane and busy storing on cargo like Madame Bernat's two coffins when they were approached by two men. Barry Martin and Georges Dupre. Martin was a heavy-jowled, thick-set Australian about 6 feet 2"—almost as tall as Gleason. Dupre was a Frenchman, thin and wiry.

Martin told Gleason that he and Dupey wanted to go to a little, out-of-the-way atoll called Nauru in order to help Martin's three brothers close up their affairs there and bring them back to Australia. His brothers had, he told Gleason, gone to Nauru a few years before to raise copra and had failed miserably. "Now," Martin added, "they want to get the hell away from the place as quickly as possible. If you'll take us there and then take all of us back, I'll pay you well. Say \$500."

Gleason said he'd do it for \$750, and when Martin offered \$600 he accepted.

"O.K., mister," Gleason said, sticking out his hand to seal the bargain. "You've just hired yourself the best little ship in the Pacific. It'll be a tight squeeze 'cause all we've got are two cabins—my wife's and mine, and the forward cabin. The five of you will have to share that forward one coming back."

Martin promised the skipper they wouldn't mind the cramped quarters, but—and he made this clear—it was vitally important that they return to Brisbane by August 10. When Gleason asked why, the Australian simply answered, "Business."

Here Gleason did some quick figuring. He had a lot of cargo to deliver, and he felt a sense of responsibility to the islanders who depended so much on his visits. Still, by pushing the Gambler to her limits, he was confident he could meet the August 10th deadline. So he assured Martin and Dupre that he'd get them back in time barring any unforeseen incidents.

Just then, Yvette emerged from the cabin. She was wearing a tight-fitting pair of jeans and a polo shirt that looked like she was molded into it. A leer creased Dupre's bony face when he saw her, and with his eyes he mentally undressed her. Gleason was used to seeing men stare at his wife—after all, she was beautiful—but the way the Frenchman looked at her set his blood boiling.

"I have just one more thing to say about this trip," Gleason said in a voice full of menace. "That's this: If either of you—or your brothers—so much as lay a hand on my wife, or annoy her, I'll throw the whole lot of you to the sharks."

His warning was well-taken by Martin, who guaranteed the behavior of his brother and Dupre.

The next day, with his passengers aboard, Gleason set off for the Loyalty Islands.

For 12 days it was an uneventful cruise, no different from nearly all of others he'd made. He stopped at eight islands, dropping off cargo at each one. But he did not spend any nights with the friendly natives, as he usually did. For he had a tight schedule to keep if he was to get back to Brisbane by the 10th, and he could not afford to linger.

ON the thirteenth day out the uneventful trip changed when a freak squall, accompanied by unusually heavy seas, sprung up out of nowhere. Twenty-foot-high waves buffeted the *Gambler* and rainwater leaked into

the cargo hold. For six hours the ketch was a bobbing plaything of the sea, and it took all of Gleason's expert seamanship to keep her from capsizing. Then, as suddenly as she appeared, the storm died down. But she did not leave the *Gambler* unsecured. The mizzen mast was snapped off like a matchstick and hung partially over the side. In addition, salt water had seeped into the ancient auxiliary engine, making it even more unreliable than it was before.

In need of repairs to his mizzen mast and engine, Gleason decided to try for an island called Tubuai before resuming his run. He calculated that the island was more than 50 miles from his present position and that the *Gambler* in her present state, would need three days to get there.

"If you must, make the repairs but forget about delivering the remaining cargo to your cargo," Martin said when he learned of Gleason's plan. "Those filthy natives can get their shipments some other time. We must reach Nauru, pick up my brothers and be in Brisbane by the tenth."

The words "filthy natives," sent Gleason into a rage. Bunching up the front of Martin's shirt in his fist, the American drew the Australian's face close to his and growled, "Those 'filthy natives,' as you called them, are my friends. And they depend on me. Besides any one of them is worth more than you, your stinkin' friend Dupre, and your rotten brothers put together. First we deliver the cargoes—then we go to Nauru. And that's final. If you don't like it, you can get another ship to take you to your brothers when we reach port."

Three days later, the *Gambler* limped into Tubuai. It took two days to shape another mizzen mast from a coconut tree Gleason felled, and another day to get the auxiliary engine working to the skipper's satisfaction. During that time, Martin and Dupre scoured the island for another boat to take them to Nauru. But, to their dismay, they learned that the *Gambler* was the only boat around that could do the job—and that another like her wasn't due for another few weeks.

The night before Gleason was to resume his trip, Martin and Dupre meekly came on board and knocked on Gleason's cabin door while he and Yvette were readying for bed. Gleason had just about had enough of the pair, and was all for throwing them off the *Gambler* and returning their money. But his wife reminded him that \$600 was nothing to sneeze at. So he reluctantly agreed to take them on again.

"But no more orders," he warned. "On my ship, I give the orders—I make the decisions."

Surprisingly, the duo promised they wouldn't interfere with him again.

THEY kept their promise until the second day out. Then carefully and courteously they once again tried to get him to forget about delivering the remaining cargo in order to speed up their trip to Nauru.

When Gleason refused to consider it, they began to beg and plead, and ended up by offering him an extra \$200 or so if he'd reconsider. But Gleason still remained firm: He'd first drop off all of his cargo, then go to Nauru.

Martin and Dupre weren't finished, though. For the next day, after hoisting up in their cabin all morning, they showed on deck while Yvette was at the helm and Gleason was doing some small repair work. Dupre stood walked to the stern where Yvette was. At the same time, Martin, his hands thrust in his pants pockets, approached Gleason. When he stood over him, he opened his mouth to say something, and Gleason, guessing what it would be, sought to head him off.

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INSURANCE COMPANIES

(Continued from page 23)

in the New York Times, the current assets of the nation's insurance companies exceeds \$250 billion—an amount greater than the total national wealth of Spain, Austria, Switzerland, Greece, Portugal and all of the Scandinavian nations combined!

In New York City alone last year, insurance companies reaped close to three billion from stock and bond purchases.

During the first six months of 1970, California's insurance companies, after payment of all claims, showed a whopping profit of \$944 million!

U.S. life insurance companies are presently investing in various profit making adventures such as shopping centers, land speculation and housing at the incredible rate of \$200,000,000 every working day—which comes to more than \$40 billion a year!

Despite enormous profits, says one East Coast state insurance commissioner, "the nation's insurers have not only failed the public in terms of services rendered, but they also stand accused of such unwholesome practices as shady accounting methods to conceal their true earnings; legal trickery to forestall the payment of valid claims; deceptive statements buried in their policies, fine print; unfair and discriminatory cancellation tactics; and, perhaps worst of all, the exorbitant escalation of rates through the efforts of their powerful state-wide and national lobbies."

The example of Fred Billings, an Ohio bartender is typical of how one part of the insurance industry—the auto insurance field—shifts millions of car owners each year through soaring rates and discriminatory practices.

Recently, Billings' car insurance was cancelled when his policy came up for renewal.

"Why me?" he asked his local agent. "I've never had an accident, and I've met very increase promptly over the past three years!"

The fact that all of this was true didn't mean a thing. Billings' problem was that he was in the wrong line of work.

"Don't quote me," the agent told Billings, "but the company has stopped covering bartenders—blackballed them—on the ground that they're poor risks."

Billings, like tens of thousands of average Americans, are being blacklisted by the nation's auto insurers—and are facing crushing hardships as a result of this discriminatory practice. This fact was solidly established during a recent congressional investigation conducted by Senator Philip Hart of Michigan. One of the witnesses instructed to appear before the committee was J. Victor Herd, chairman of the Continental Insurance Company of New York, one of the country's largest auto insurance underwriters.

Herd was questioned in connection with the "Underwriters Manual," a small, loose-leaf binder issued to agents who work for the nation's major auto insurers. Agents are instructed to keep the manual out of sight—and for good reason. Under a section tagged "NOT TO BE SOLICITED" is a long list of "ineligible risks." These include actors, garbage collectors, bartenders, taxi drivers, professional athletes, truckmen, concert musicians, beauty-parlor operators, fruit-and-vegetable dealers, billiards, painters, policemen, editors, body-and-fender-shop workers and merchant seamen (to name only some).

Also listed are single people living alone, widows, widowers and divorced males.

"Even ministers are considered a bad risk," commented one of Hart's staff. "According to the insurance industry, men of the cloth are considered unsafe drivers because 'they drive as if God will provide.'"

When confronted with this flagrant kind of discrimination, the insurance companies defend this shabby practice by bemoaning huge and mounting sums paid out in claims.

"It's impossible to insure just any and every driver who asks for coverage," testified one insurance executive. "If we did," he continued, "we'd go bankrupt. Much as we dislike it, we have to be selective when it comes to picking policyholders."

The simple truth, however, is that the losses claimed by most insurance companies are more fictional than real. Although insurance companies make a great noise about how much they're paying out in specified areas—such as auto liability—they make little or no comment about the millions they're reaping from their investments in other fields. By way of example, in 1969, the Continental Insurance Company reported a net loss of \$4 million paid out in underwriting claims. But in that same year the company netted a fantastic profit of \$84 million from a wide range of investments financed through the premium dollars collected from their thousands of policyholders.

In his recent book, *Are You Being Taken For A Ride*, insurance expert Gilbert B. Friedman states that the "casualty-insurance industry has never had a year in which it has lost money on its total operation." The key word is "total," and the tricky methods used by the insurance companies to mislead the public by publicizing their relatively small losses in one area—while gobbling up record-breaking profits from their other investments—is typical of the industry's deceptive methods.

"What it boils down to," says one federal insurance authority, "is that the nation's insurance companies are only interested in insuring 'preferred' risks. In this way, they can keep claim payments down to the barest minimum and can assure themselves maximum profits. It may be smart business, but the industry's discriminatory practice of offering insurance coverage as a privilege to some—while blacklisting others merely because of their occupation or marital status—is grossly unjust."

WHAT is happening in the auto-insurance field, is equally true of crime insurance—perhaps even more so. At the present time, thousands upon thousands of tenants, homeowners and small business men are being shafted left and right by the nation's insurers when it comes to getting coverage for theft, burglary and holdups. They've been hit again and again by soaring rates, while getting less and less for their hard-earned money. Consider the following examples:

A Detroit homeowner had a portable power stolen from his basement. He instructed his insurance agent to put in a \$40 claim for the loss. "Don't put it in," his friendly agent advised him. "If you do, they're likely to cancel you out when your policy comes up for renewal." The policyholder took the agent's advice, but he felt taken—and rightfully so. "I've been paying my premiums for 12 years, and have had steep increases over the last three without ever claiming a dime. Now," he said, "I have

a valid loss, and I'm afraid to put in for it. The whole thing doesn't make sense."

When it comes to fire insurance, it can get ever tougher. In most of the nation's major cities, the rates on fire insurance have almost soared out of sight. Worse yet, there are entire sections in most of these cities—areas that may have been victimized by recent street violence—that the insurance companies have crossed off their lists as unfavorable risks. Meanwhile, the hardships imposed on policyholders living in neighboring areas have become particularly harsh.

A former Vietnam veteran in Cleveland was, in fact, wiped out, thanks to the shafting he got from an insurance company. Last spring he sought a bank loan to expand his small automotive-supply shop. But his fire insurance was suddenly cancelled out after fires, set off by street violence, occurred in an adjoining neighborhood. Without this insurance, the bank turned down his application for the loan. "It put me out of business," the veteran explained. "Not getting the loan was bad enough, but without the insurance I couldn't even get credit since shippers wouldn't send me goods unless I paid spot cash on delivery—money I didn't have. I had to close my doors."

In the opinion of most independent insurance experts, such hardships are taking place only because of the insurance companies' don't-give-a-damn attitude.

"If the insurance companies were willing to shift some of their enormous profits from their investment areas into such areas as fire and crime," says one of these experts, "coverage could still be extended to many thousands who desperately need this kind of insurance but who are presently going without. Don't expect the companies to do this, however. After all, the whole point behind any successful insurance operation is to collect premiums and to avoid the payment of claims. And since fire and theft represent a greater risk to insurers during these turbulent times, the industry is just as willing to do without this kind of underwriting, or otherwise charge exorbitant rates to those select policyholders they do give coverage. Either way, the companies continue to rack up greater profits, while the small, helpless policyholder gets screwed coming and going."

In many instances many insurance companies will come close to committing fraud as a means of suckering policyholders into thinking they're getting what will never be delivered. Companies selling health insurance are the ones to look out for in this category, and their contracts should be closely examined before signing up. "Most people find health insurance policies confusing," warns New

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Kaiser, spiked helmet and all, is supposed to depict it personally. I hear Kinotsu has a picture of the old devil on the wall of his cave. Passed down through four generations. Must be getting kind of yellow by now."

The *Baster's* bizarre religion wasn't the last surprise in store for Kevin Chase. He soon discovered that the dark tunnel was to be his permanent prison—that the workers left it only when they were dead. Anyone who reached the open air was executed on the spot, his body cast into the stockade where the tribe's vicious, starving dogs—bred from jackals—were penned up. "No one ever gets a second chance," Cardwell told him grimly. "The first try at escaping and, bam, you're a corpse. They can't let word of this place reach the outside world."

Chase's second shock came after the prisoners had fallen into a trance-like sleep. He had barely dozed off, lying on the straw mat that was his only personal possession, when he felt a soft weight descend upon him. For an instant he thought he was being attacked—then felt a woman's heavy, naked breasts pressing against his chest. His cry of disbelief was muffled when hungry lips descended on his own and a husky voice said in English: "You're still strong but in a few weeks you'll be like the others."

It was the American's first inkling that several women were also among the *Baster* slaves. When he and the unseen girl had completed a brief, savage act of love, she told him that her name was Janice Fairbairn, a Windhoek barmaid taken captive after the crash of a light airplane. "I figured the *Basters* would rape me," she recalled bitterly, "but their religion doesn't allow mating with other peoples. White or black, it's all the same to them. If you aren't a *Baster*, all you're fit for is heavy labor."

The girl was to share his lot on other evenings until, as she predicted, he lost interest in sex. Half-starved, his body knotted by 18 hours a day of grueling labor, Kevin Chase thought of only one thing—escape. He formed plan after plan, discarded them all.

WHEN the chance to break out finally arrived, it evolved from a fluke. Because of his mining experience, Cardwell, the Australian, had become a kind of unofficial strawboss, earning himself an occasional extra food ration from the *Basters*. About eight weeks after Chase's imprisonment, the tunnelers encountered a solid rock obstacle. "We'll have to blast," the Australian said with his usual crazed giggle.

"They have explosives?"

"Sure," Cardwell said. "Couple years ago they massacred a team exploring for iron ore. Got all kinds of stuff from the poor devils. TNT's gone but there's some other kind I haven't tried yet. I like a good detonation from time to time. Breaks the monotony."

Cardwell spoke to one of the guards. A few minutes later, a spool of electric wire, a handcrank generator and several crates were brought into the shaft. When Cardwell opened one of the boxes, Chase saw that it contained blasting gel—a touchy and incredibly powerful substance used by mining engineers to chart seismic faults. "Careful with that stuff," he warned, "especially if it's been sitting around for years. It's as unstable as hell once it's started to deteriorate."

"Nothing to worry about," Cardwell giggled confidently.

It was the dammedest blast Kevin Chase had ever seen. Cardwell moved everyone back more than 100 yards before detonating the gel, but that wasn't nearly far enough. Expecting the worst, Chase pressed his body into a deep niche in the tunnel wall and covered his head with his arms. The pair of *Baster* guards laughed at his "cowardice." They were still guffawing when a tremendous

explosion rocked the entire hall and sent a sheet of liquid fire flashing through the shaft.

Chase was one of the few to get out unscathed. All around him men and women were screaming. One of the guards who had mocked the American howled in agony as he ran pointlessly in circles, his skin blackened and crisp, patches of gel still burning on his body. The stench of burning flesh was everywhere.

Panicked, nearly everyone ran toward the tunnel entrance, tripping and stumbling. Kevin Chase moved from the niche, thinking of nothing but escape. The guards outside would have their hands full trying to stop the wave of escapees. He bent over the dying guard, plucked the *asagi* spear from his twisted claw of a hand. The shaft was dark now except for isolated patches of burning gel, the wall torches blown off their crude mountings. Chase swept up a torch, lit it again from the guard's sizzling corpse. He pounded toward the entrance.

As he had figured, the ravine was a scene of chaos as the *Basters* swarmed about, rounding up their terrified slaves. Only two guards were near the shaft mouth when the American emerged. He raised his stolen spear, plunged it through the throat of the first *Baster*. The man fell in a twisted heap, torrents of dark blood spewing from his mouth. The second was raising his rifle when Chase lashed out with the burning brand, jammed it into the *Baster's* eye. Blinded, stunned, he stumbled backward, toppled off the steep footpath, plunged 30 feet to the rocky ravine floor.

Rather than join the fleeing slaves, Chase started to climb, scrambling from handhold to handhold like a frightened monkey. It was early evening and the sheer walls were shrouded in deep shadow as he made his way upward, praying silently that he wouldn't be spotted. But at last, close to exhaustion, he pulled himself on to flat ground, crawled off on bloodied hands and knees.

Kevin Chase's agony had just begun. For the next three days he fled across the *Kaukauweid*, keeping whenever possible to the small, narrow gullies that wound through the barren scrubland, moving toward the northeast. Cardwell had told him that the *Basters* seldom sent raiders in that direction. "Another tribe out there the *scum* are afraid of," the Australian had said.

Nearly a dozen times he barely escaped capture. On each occasion he was saved by the fact that the yellow, slaving *Baster* dogs were diverted by the scent of other escapees from the ravine. From a distance, the American saw three of his fellow slaves executed—each in the most savage manner possible. A tall Herero, member of the greatest warrior tribe in Southwest Africa, was ripped apart by the dogs after being spreadeagled between stakes. They impaled a Cockney diamond poacher named Ludkins on a spear in such a way that it took the blade hours to proceed from his scrotum to his brain, bypassing every vital organ along the way. Cardwell, the Australian, was rammed headfirst into a four-foot-high ant-hill, held by the ankles, pulled out whenever he seemed in danger of smothering, plunged back in again. When the end came, the insects had chewed off his beard and most of his face.

They won't take me alive, Chase vowed as he escaped deeper into the *Kaukauweid*.

KEVIN Chase, his skinny body dehydrated, was close to unconsciousness when, four days after his escape, he saw a cluster of mopros in the distance. Known as the sausage tree because of its long, heavy, pendulous fruit, it was a sure sign of water. Nearly a day had passed since he had spotted any pursuers. There was a chance they had decided none of the prisoners could have sur-

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vived this long, and had returned to the ravine. But Chase couldn't be sure. What if they had posted men around every water hole?

And so Chase waited until dark, crouched in a patch of dry brush, every cell in his tortured body screaming for water. At last, sensing no sign of life, he crawled into the sparse grove. In the midst of the trees was a muddy spring. Gasping, he drank his fill, fell back. Feeling stronger, he picked one of the watermelon-shaped *moporo* fruits, smashed the end against a tree, dug out the pulpy innards, shoved them into his mouth. He was still gulping down the tasteless fruit when he heard the distant howl of *Baster* dogs.

Chase's first instinct was to flee. But he restrained himself. The howls had come from miles away—and if he set off again without water, he was doomed. Somehow, he gained control of his terror, hollowed out another *maporota*, filled both fruit shells with water from the spring. Then he lurched into the *Kachumavedi*, a liquid-filled sausage fruit clutched under either arm.

Somehow he survived the seemingly endless trek across the sun-drenched veldt. On the ninth day after his escape, the first hollowed-out fruit was drained and thrown away. The other container, untouched by his lips, had lost almost a third of its contents through evaporation. He cursed himself for not having devised some kind of lid.

Hope had again disappeared when he was lured to the top of a steep hill by an hallucinatory "village," saw an expanse of reeds lying to the east—and, seconds later, spotted a band of mounted Baster warriors and their killer dogs closing in on him.

Kevin Chase was less than a mile from the field of reeds before he was certain they were real. The knowledge that water was only minutes away added new power to the muscles of his legs. He staggered on, raised both arms high as the thin stalks loomed up before him.

Chase went to his knees, sobbed in frustrated rage. The *Kaukauveld* had betrayed him again. The only sign that the spindly plants had ever rested in water was a spidery network of brown, cracked earth around the base of the stalks. Although he didn't realize it, his flight had taken him across the border into Botswana—and the western edge of the great Okavango swamp. Only weeks before, the area had been flooded with Spring waters, now receded, leaving the corpses of plants in their wake.

He heard the yap of hunting dogs, turned to see the hideous yellow animals bounding across the plain, teeth bared ferociously. Mounted on bush ponies, the Baster warriors were not far behind.

Although every move he made knocked down the decayed reeds—leaving a trail as wide as a highway—Kevin Chase ran on. He glanced over his shoulder once, saw without understanding that the *Boxsters* had reined up their ponies at the edge of the reeds, were trying to call the dogs back. But the beasts had his scent in their nostrils and nothing could stop them.

Exhausted, Kevin Chase fell at last, crouched in a huddled position, quivering forearms locked across his bony knees. Then, unexpectedly, the sounds of the dogs vanished. Puzzled, he rose, looked around, took a few tentative steps back the way he had come. Over the tops of the rustling reeds he glimpsed four of the Buster horsemen galloping their ponies westward. A moment later, he trapped over a dead hunting dog with a frail arrow in the side of its neck. Another slain animal lay in the reeds 20 feet beyond.

Doesn't make any sense, he thought. Just then the reeds parted before him, revealing the brown, wrinkled face of a man who couldn't have been more than four feet tall. He carried a primitive bow. More than a dozen more figures, naked except for loin aprons, stood behind him.

"I thought for sure I'd had it," Kevin Chase later told the Johannesburg interviewer. "But the simple fact that the *Basters* were trying to kill me meant I was all right with the Tswana."

Primitive bushmen, the Tannakwe had ruled the Okavango for thousands of years, hunting with arrows and spears poisoned with the crushed bodies of toxic beetles. Over the centuries, the fierce little men had repelled countless enemy tribes. It was no wonder, Chase eventually realized, that the pursuing Basters had failed to enter the reeds. The last clash between the tribes had wiped out more than a third of the half-caste *ngwan's* warriors.

"That night I tasted fresh meat for the first time in weeks," Kevin Chase said. "The Tannakwe hunters who found me killed four of the Basters and all of their dogs."

Taken to a mission hospital by the Tannakwe, Chase sent an immediate message to Windhoek, giving the approximate position of the Baster sub-tribe's renegade village. The next day, two helicopters full of police descended on the place, liberated the slaves

"I'd like to say that the Basters are no longer a menace," Kevin recalled. "But can't. Knotsu, their leader, and more than two dozen warriors were away from the ravine when the police raided it. They were never captured. So, I guess, they're still out there on the *Kaukauveld*, raising hell and waiting for Germany to win the First World War." ● ● ●



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building; Myers' first step would be to blow up that building. Simultaneously, there would be an incendiary explosion—that is, an explosion followed hopefully by a fire—at the Northway Brewery. Naturally, no gate guard would think of stopping a fire engine from coming through the brewery's main gate with a fire going on. Frisk would drive the fire engine, and Grofield and Dan Leach would ride it in firemen's uniforms. They would stop outside the paymaster's office, and Grofield and Leach would spray the office with machine gun bullets, killing the guards inside. Then they would—

"No," said Grofield.
Myers stopped in mid-sentence, his hand dipping down for yet another photo or map or graph. He blinked. "What?"
"I said no. Don't tell me any more of it, I'm out."

Myers frowned; he couldn't understand it. "What's the matter, Grofield?"
"Killing," Grofield said.

"They've got half a dozen armed guards in there," Myers said. "There's absolutely no other way to get past them."

"I believe you. That's why I'm out," Myers looked sardonic. "You really think kind, Grofield? Sight of blood bother you?"

"No, it's more the sight of guns. The law looks a lot harder for a killer than it does for a thief. Sorry, Myers, but you can count me out. I won't do it even for a million."

Grofield turned toward the door. Behind him, he heard Dan Leach say, "Thanks for the drink."

Myers sounded shocked: "You, too?"
Grofield opened the door and stepped through into the other room. He felt Dan coming along behind him, and heard Dan close the door on Myers' calling voice and on the other voices also starting up.

Before going back to their respective hotels, Grofield and Dan Leach stopped at the Casino of the Hotel where Myers was staying. Not being a gambler, or having the money to gamble, Grofield watched Dan move in on the crowd surrounding the crap table. He watched as Dan started making side bets, winning occasionally. But then he got hold of the dice and started what Grofield felt was the freakiest streak of luck he had ever witnessed. Dan won every throw.

By the time Dan pulled out of the game, he had won well over \$12,000. After cashing the chips, he and Grofield took separate cabs to their separate small-time motels far from the Strip.

THEY kicked the lock off the door and came in with their hands full of shotguns. Two of them, in black hats and anonymous black raincoats with the collars turned up. Also black handkerchiefs across their faces, like stagecoach robbers.

"On your feet," the tall one said. The other one was shorter and fatter.

Grofield got to his feet. He kept his hands over his head.

The tall one kept a shotgun pointed at him while the short one searched the room. He went through Grofield's suitcase, and the closet, and the bureau drawers. Then he searched Grofield. Grofield recoiled slightly; the guy had bad breath.

Finally the short one stepped back and picked his shotgun off the bed and said, "It isn't here."

The tall one said to Grofield, "Where is it?"

"I don't know," Grofield said. "I didn't waste time, Jack we're not playin' a game."

"I didn't think you were. Not with guns, and kicking the door in and all. But I don't know what you're looking for, so I don't know what it is."

"Ho-ho," said the tall one. It didn't sound

very much like a laugh. "You won almost thirteen grand tonight," he said.

"Sorry," Grofield said. "Cough it up."
"You got your choice," the short one said. "You can be alive and poor, or dead and rich."

"I'm sorry," Grofield said. "I hate to be killed because of somebody else's mistake, but I didn't win any money tonight."

They looked at one another. The short one said, "We picked the wrong one."

"We followed the wrong one," the tall one said, as though the correction were important.

"Yeah, that's what I meant," the short one said. He turned back to Grofield. "Turn around," he said. "Face the wall."

Grofield turned around and faced the wall. He knew what was coming, and bunched his head down into his neck, trying to make his skull soft and resilient. It didn't do any good. The lights went out very painfully.

"I'M drowning!" Grofield yelled, and thrashed his arms around, trying to swim; his nose was full of water.

"You aren't drowning, you bastard. Wake up."

Grofield woke up. He rubbed water from his face, opened his eyes, and looked up at the angry face of Dan Leach. "Christ," he said.

"Not even close," Dan said. "Sit up." Grofield lifted his head, and the back of it made a commotion like it was glued to the floor. "Ow," Grofield said. He snorted water out of his mouth, and wiped his face with his sleeve. "My head."

"Your head. My dough. Do you sit up, or do I beat the crap out of you right here?"

"Beat the crap out of me right here," Grofield said. "I hurt too much to sit up."

Doubt creased Dan's forehead. "Are you putting me on?"

"Wrong," Grofield said. "Didn't you recognize them? It was Myers and the guy you knocked out."

Dan stared. "Are you crazy?"

"They muffled their voices behind those masks," Grofield said. "But I recognized them anyway. The bouncer, at any rate." He wrinkled his nose in distaste.

"You're sure it was them."

"I know definitely it was them. Even if I didn't recognize them, and I did, I know I didn't tell them where you were staying. They didn't even ask. The fat one said something about picking the wrong one, and Myers told him he meant they'd followed the wrong one. Trying to cover a slip of the tongue."

Dan got to his feet. "They need to learn some things," he said. He was suddenly in a hurry to go somewhere.

"Manners, for instance," Grofield said. Experimentally he lifted his head from the pillow, and it didn't seem to hurt as much.

"I've gotta go talk to them," Dan said, and turned toward the door. The lock was still broken, but the door had been pushed all the way closed.

"Hold on," Grofield said. He sat up, a bit shaky. "I'll come with you. I'd like to talk to those birds myself."

"You're in no shape to go anywhere," Dan said.

"There's two of them, there should be two of you. Give me five minutes."

"Five minutes?" Dan was so impatient he was practically tapdancing.

"If they're gonna check out tonight," Grofield said, "they've done it by now."

Minutes later they were in front of Myers hotel room. The door was unlocked. They did not find Myers inside or the money. They did find something Myers had left behind, though: the body of his partner—the gun Dan had knocked out earlier that day.

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Merchandise shown in white or yellow gold unless otherwise indicated
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED — otherwise return merchandise by insured mail

Average Lady's — 6 Men's — 9
RING SIZE

level, absolutely empty. The four entrance doors at the rear were all closed.

Grofield ducked out from behind the curtain, made the edge of the stage in two running steps, and jumped down. He trotted up the center aisle, going up a level at every second step, and scanned to left and right as he ran.

And there was nobody there. He stood at the top finally, up by the doors, and looked around, and he was absolutely alone. He glanced back at Mary, who had moved nothing but her head, so she could watch him, and he was about to call to her that it was a false alarm when he heard the thud.

From the doors.

He turned around and frowned at the doors. The other side of them was a large square platform built out from the face of the barn, ten feet above the ground, to match the height of the rear rows of seats inside. Wide wooden steps led down to ground level, with wood railings up the sides of the steps and around the platform.

Feeling more foolish and vulnerable than ever with no clothes on—Grofield went down to the last door at the other end from the main, slowly and silently unlocked it, and abruptly pushed it open and jumped out into night-time darkness.

There was a quarter moon, and a sky full of stars, giving just a little light. Enough to see the shape of a body lying face down on the boards of the platform over to the left. As Grofield watched, the body pushed itself slowly up on its elbows, and lunged forward, thudding its head into the door, and losing consciousness.

Dan Leach.

"Good Christ," Grofield whispered. Still staring down at Dan, he backed up to the open doorway and called, "Get your clothes on and bring me my pants. It's somebody hurt."

Grofield and Mary brought Dan inside and laid him on the couch. They nursed several bleeding, stab wounds which covered Dan's chest. He didn't regain consciousness until the next day. Mary fed him some soup to regain his strength.

It was not until after he had eaten that she first spoke.

"How'd you know where to find me?"

"You came knocking at the door. Don't you remember?"

Dan frowned. "Are you putting me on?"

"No. You came here and crawled up the steps out front and beat your head against the door till we let you in. Don't you remember any of it?"

"The last thing I remember is Myers with that knife."

"Where the hell did he get a knife?"

"From the car. It was his car, you know, he had one in a sheath under the dash. I left it there, I didn't need any knife."

"Tell me what happened," Grofield said. "From the beginning."

"I took your goddam advice," Dan said. "That's what happened."

"You let him go."

"I underestimated the bastard. I do it every time. I got him out of the trunk, and took off the cuffs, and he got a lucky kick in at my head. He got me down and hit me with a rock, and I was out for a few seconds or a minute or something, and when I was getting up he came back around the car with the knife and let me have it. I thought I was dead."

"And that's it?"

"Till I opened my eyes here. It beats me how I got here."

"It beats me," Grofield said, "that you weren't seen."

Dan reached up a shaky hand and wiped his mouth. He was still very weak; the talking had worn him, and he was beginning to breathe hard. He said, "Can I stay? I know how you feel about—." He let the sentence

lapse.

Grofield shook his head. "There's no choice," he said. "Naturally you'll stay."

"Only for a few days, till I get my strength back."

It would be more than that, but Grofield didn't say so.

WHEN the phone started to ring, Grofield was on the ladder, a paint brush in his hand. He was putting a new coat of white on the words MEAD GROVE THEATER that filled the whole side of the theatre facing the country road.

"Crap," he said. Mary was at work, he'd have to answer it himself. He put the brush in the bucket standing on the ladder top, and went hurriedly down to the ground.

He was now about midway between the two phones, one extension in the box-office to his right and one backstage near the light-board. He hesitated, while the phone started a third ring, and then trotted around to the big open doorway leading to the stage. He went up the wooden ladder fixed to the outer wall and headed across the stage. Dan was sitting on the leather chair in the living room set, crossways to the house so he could get a little sun from the open door. This was the first day he was up and around, after being here a week. He looked pale and thin, but itchy and impatient. He lifted a hand in a slow weak wave as Grofield trotted by at an angle toward the lightboard.

"Hello?"

"Grofield?" The voice was male, heavy, somewhat indistinct.

"Speaking."

"This is Barnes."

The name had a familiar sound to it, but Grofield made no immediate connections. He said, "Barnes?"

"From Salt Lake City."

"Oh!" Now he remembered, and an image of Ed Barnes flashed in his mind—a tall man, very broad in the shoulder but somewhat gone to fat, about forty years old, with thin black hair and a lumpy formless nose. Grofield had worked with Barnes once, on a bank job in Salt Lake City.

Barnes was saying, "You free?"

"As a bird," Grofield said.

"Could you get to St. Louis tomorrow?"

"Yes."

"Be at Wood's Bar, East St. Louis at 11 p.m."

"Done."

Grofield hung up and went back across the stage toward Dan. "I'm leaving tomorrow for a while," he said.

Dan looked sour. "You got something?"

"You know Ed Barnes?"

"I worked with him once or twice."

"If it works out," Grofield said, "you'll probably be gone before I get back."

"Could they use another man?"

"Dan, you aren't ready."

"I know it, goddam it," Dan growled toward the wings. "When I get my hands on that son of a bitch—"

"Be sure you're ready first," Grofield said.

ST. LOUIS, on the Missouri side of the Mississippi River, is a city, like any other. East St. Louis, across the bridge on the Illinois side, is the city's underbelly. Here are the late-night bars, the cruising hookers, everything you can't find in the Yellow Pages. The streets are dark, the neon signs undernourished, and the soldiers and airmen from the bases around the city keep the money surging out and moving.

Grofield sat at the bar in the long blue-gray room called Wood's Bar, and nursed a bottle of Budweiser—support local business. On a narrow stage up behind the backbar a

tiered and aging mixed-race jazz quintet tried to figure out how to make the transition to rock. So far, all they were sure of was the volume level; you couldn't hear yourself think. Looking at the conversations going on up and down the bar, and in the booths behind him, Grofield decided the place must be full of lip readers.

He'd gotten here five minutes early, and now it was five minutes late. Where the hell was Barnes?

A hand touched his shoulder. He turned his head, and Barnes nodded at him and went toward the door. Grofield considered finishing his beer, but it had no head left at all by now, so he left it, got off the stool and followed Barnes out to the street.

"Glad you could make it," Barnes said, and pointed to a Pontiac parked across the way. In this light, it looked black, but it probably wasn't.

They went across the street, and Grofield waited on the curb while Barnes unlocked the driver's door, got in, and reached across to unlock the door on Grofield's side. Grofield slid in and said, "I hope this one works out. I went out on a dud about a month ago."

"You're gonna like this," Barnes said. "Simple, fast, and fat."

"You just described my ideal."

Barnes drove a dozen blocks and turned in at the shut door of a parking garage closed for the night. "Go give a triple knock on the door," he said.

"Right."

Grofield went out and knocked, and a second later the door slid up. The inside was big square, low-ceilinged, concrete-floored, half full of parked cars. An office with windows all the way around was in the middle; the only light was in there, a fluorescent fixture hanging from the ceiling.

Barnes drove in, and Grofield walked in beside him, and the door slid down again. Barnes steered the Pontiac over to the office, and Grofield walked after him, getting there as Barnes was climbing out of the car. "They're in here."

Two of them; Grofield didn't know either one. One was sitting on the chair beside the filing cabinet, the other was standing beside the small littered desk.

Barnes made the introduction—"Alan Grofield, Steve Tebelman. Fred Hughes."

They all nodded at one another. Steve Tebelman was the one sitting in the chair. He was dressed in a somewhat shabby dark suit, as though he'd come out for a job interview and really needed the job. Fred Hughes was the one standing by the desk, and he was in dark green workshirt and matching pants, with Hughes in yellow script lettering sewn above the shirt pocket.

Barnes nodded at Hughes. "Fred's our set-up man."

The other one, Steve Tebelman, said, "Let's get down to it." He was about the same age as Hughes, early thirties, and something about his dry brown hair and the crumpled cigarette he was smoking made Grofield think he was a hillbilly, out of Tennessee or Kentucky or someplace like that. And of prison not too long ago, that too.

"That's a good idea," Barnes said. "I already know about it. Fred, tell Steve and Alan."

"Right." Hughes leaned back against the desk and folded his arms. "They got an Air Force base out there, called Scott. They get paid twice a month, the last day of the month and the fifteenth. By check. So the whole town is full of money twice a month."

Barnes said, "This is a big air base they got out there, it covers miles. It's like a training base, with all kinds of schools."

Grofield nodded, listening.

Hughes said, "There's a Food King Supermarket out on the highway near where the married guys live with their families."

"Food King?"

"Like A and P," Barnes said. "It's a chain our around here."

"A lot of the Air Force wives," Hughes said, "they cash their husbands' paychecks there twice a month, when they buy the groceries. So what Food King does, the second and last weeks of the month they don't make any deposits in the bank. All the cash they get in they keep, because they need so much cash on payday."

Grofield asked, "They've got a safe on the premises?"

"Right. Five years ago three guys from the airbase tried to get into the place late at night and blow the safe. They never got near it. Once the store closes down for the night, you use any method you want to get in there, and two things happen. First, a light flashes down at the Belleville police station, and you've got local and state cops all over your back. Second, a siren lets loose, and the Air Police on guard duty at the gate across the highway come over to see what's what."

Barnes said, "And besides that, a county sheriff's car drives into the parking lot and back again every half hour from eleven at night till seven in the morning."

Grofield grinned. "So far, it doesn't sound very easy."

"Depends how you do it," Hughes said, "and how much you know about the set-up."

"What about the safe?"

"An old Mosler," Barnes said. "Six feet high, four feet wide, four feet deep. It's free-standing, but they've built plasterboard walls around it, like it was built in. It's the kind you can peel with no trouble, start at the top corner above the lock and peel it like a Polaroid print. Those three Air Force guys were amateurs, it isn't the kind of safe you want to blow at all."

"The only problem," Hughes said, "is that it's in the front of the store, facing the windows. See, across the front are the cash registers, starting at the left, where the store entrance is, and going most of the way across. Then there's the manager's office, that's built up on a platform. When you're up in there the walls are maybe shoulder height. You know, so the manager can look out and see the store all the time."

"I've seen that kind of set-up," Grofield said.

"Yeah, but here's the difference. Most places like that, the safe is pretty small, and it's right up there in the manager's office. But this place, because they keep so much cash around all the time, they have to have this big monster, and I guess they were worried about the weight up on the platform or something. So it's down at floor level, between the manager's office and the side wall.

The office and the safe are set back about five feet from the windows, the same as the check-out counters, and there's a waist-high wrought-iron railing across from the window to the corner of the manager's office, to keep the customers out of there. And there's a door on that side of the manager's office, and steps down, so they can go straight from the office to the safe, which is facing the windows."

Grofield said, "So that anybody working on the safe can be seen from outside."

Hughes nodded. "From the parking lot, right."

Grofield said, "So a guy with binoculars should be able to pick up the combination."

"Sorry," Hughes said, and grinned. "They're onto that. They always crowd the safe close when they open it, shield the lock with their body."

"It can be peeped like that anyway," Barnes said, and snapped his fingers.

"Right there by the window," Grofield said.

Steve Tebelman, who'd been very quiet up till now, said, "I'll tell you the truth, I need the money. I keep hoping you're going to tell me how it's going to be easy and safe, and you keep making it sound worse and worse."

Hughes grinned at him. "Don't worry, Steve," he said. "I didn't ask you to come here just for the hell of it."

Grofield said, "You've got it worked out, have you? What to do about the windows?"

"Right," Hughes said. In a quiet way, he was proud of himself.

"And about the burglar alarm?"

"Definitely."

Steve Tebelman said, "The fifteenth is a week from today, next Tuesday. Is that when you want to do it? I mean the night before, Monday?"

Hughes shook his head. "That's when they're the most alert," he said. "They've got the maximum cash in there. The next day, around noon, an armored car comes out from a bank in Belleville with however much more cash they need, but that's never a hell of a lot, not in comparison."

"With what?" Grofield asked. "How much are we talking about?"

"Anywhere between forty and seventy-five thousand."

Tebelman smiled. "That's nice," he said.

Grofield said, "But when do you want to do it?"

"This Friday," Hughes said. "We'll lose two days take, Saturday and Monday, but Friday's the big shopping day anyway, so we'll still make out. And there's other reasons."

"Because of your plan," Grofield suggest-

ed.

"Right."

"I can hardly wait to hear it," Grofield said.

A MATCH flared in the darkness—Ed Barnes, lighting a cigarette. In the yellow light, Grofield could see the three of them sitting on the floor of the empty truck, himself and Barnes and Steve Tebelman, and the big sheet of plywood leaning against the end wall, two lengths of clothesline stretching across it to keep it in place. "That's really a nice job," he said, looking at what was painted on the plywood.

"Thanks," Tebelman said. Barnes shook the match out, and they were in darkness again. There was a faint redness when Barnes drew on the cigarette, but not enough to show more than vague outlines.

Grofield wished Hughes, at the wheels would start them moving; he held his left hand up near his face, pushed the sleeve back, read the radium dial of his watch. Ten minutes to eleven. He knew Hughes was waiting for the county sheriff's car to come by. The truck they were sitting in was parked in a closed-for-the-night gas station a quarter mile from the Food King store. Once the sheriff's department car went by, they'd have a minimum of twenty minutes before that car would come around again to the Food King parking lot. So Hughes was waiting for it, and once it was safely out of the way they would start to move.

IN most supermarkets, the male clerks restock the shelves with merchandise after the close of business on Friday evening in preparation for the volume they expect to do on Saturday. In a large store, this restocking can take as much as six or seven hours, starting at a nine P.M. closing and continuing through the rest of the night. The Food King outside Belleville, Illinois, was no exception.

Deliveries to supermarkets after closing hour on Friday are unusual but not unheard of, and so the tractor-trailer that drove into the Food King parking lot at two minutes to eleven P.M. on Friday the eleventh of April seemed perfectly ordinary and legitimate. The cab of the truck was green, the body aluminum. There was no firm name on either.

The truck drove around to the rear of the store, and the driver hopped it up to the loading platform. He switched off the motor, picked up a clipboard, got out of the cab, and walked down the length of the truck to the loading platform. He wore a zippered jacket, a peaked cap, and a yellow pencil stub behind one ear; these three things, and the clipboard, made his face invisible.

There were wooden steps at the side of the loading platform. The driver went up them and pushed the hutton next to the corrugated metal garage-type door. He waited two minutes, and was about to ring again when the door began to slide upward. It slid about five feet and stopped. A clerk in a white shirt and a knee-length white apron, a prematurely balding man of about thirty-five, very slender, ducked and came out to the platform. Over the door a pipe came out with a conical metal reflector at the end and a fairly dim light bulb in it; the only source of light other than the truck lights, which the driver had left on.

The clerk said, "What is it?"

"Delivery."

"They didn't tell me about it." He was probably more than a clerk, he was probably the assistant manager. He sounded peeved that he hadn't been told about the delivery.

The driver shrugged and said, "Don't ask me, Mac. I just drive where they tell me to drive." He tapped the clipboard with a



"There's a \$5 bill pinned in your bra, Miss! Are you trying to bribe your way out of a speeding ticket?"

knuckle.

"Nobody ever gets anything straight around here. Hold on."

The clerk went back inside, ducking under the partly opened door, and a few seconds later the door rose the rest of the way. Inside was a high-ceilinged room with a cement floor, about the size of a one-car garage. Trash barrels lined the right-hand wall. Conveyor-belt sections were stacked on the left-hand wall. There were two doors out of the room, one in the right-hand corner of the far wall and one in the left-hand wall, down at the other end.

"Don't make a move," Grofield said. Hooded, holding the machine gun, he stepped out of the back of the truck on to the loading platform and took a quick step to the left. Beyond the pale stunned face, he saw Hughes hurry into the building and on down to stand by the left-hand door, where he put the clipboard down on the floor and pulled his hood and pistol out of his jacket.

Meantime, Grofield said to the older clerk, "What's your name?"

"Harris." He was frightened, but trying to deal with the situation as though it were matter-of-fact, as though the best way to handle it was to be quiet and calm and methodically obedient. Which was true.

"I mean your first name," Grofield said.

The clerk said, "Walter."

Grofield said, "Okay, Walter. How many more employees are in the store?"

"Four."

"Just five of you tonight? How come?"

"We always have just five," Walter said.

"We're the regular night crew."

"Okay. What are the first names of the other four?"

"Hal and Pete and Andy and Trig."

"Okay. Where are they? All four out by the shelves?"

"No, Trig's in the stockroom. The others are out front."

"And where's the stockroom?"

Walter made a vague gesture in the general direction of Hughes. "Through that door."

"Then they're all in there?"

"Okay, Walter. You and I are going to walk down there, and you're going to stick your head through the doorway and ask Trig to come out here for a minute. Got that?"

Walter nodded. "I'll do it."

"You won't say anything dumb."

"No, sir," Walter said.

They went down by the door. Hughes was masked now, carrying a Smith & Wesson Centennial .38 with a grip safety; a bar on the back of the grip had to be depressed before the revolver could be fired.

Hughes stepped two quick paces back from his post beside the doorway and whispered, "There's somebody in the next room. I think it's just one."

"That's Trig," Grofield whispered.

"Walter's going to call him out now. Go ahead, Walter. Tell him to come out here for a minute, and then step back and leave the doorway clear. Got it?"

"Yes," Walter said. He was matter-of-fact, and he'd dropped the "sir," which was good. It meant he wasn't afraid of being killed any more.

Grofield and Hughes stood beside the wall, Grofield in front because the machine gun was more persuasive to look at than a small revolver, and Walter went over and stood in the doorway. He called, "Trig?" A voice called something back, and Walter said, "Come on out here a minute, will you?"

Grofield could make out what the voice said this time: "Now what? I got all this stuff piled up here—"

Trig came through the doorway still growling, and was a full two strides into the room before he noticed Grofield and Hughes and the guns. He'd started griping at Walter, saying, "How do you expect me to get my—"

Then he stopped dead, mouth and feet, and

stared at the gun.

Grofield said, "Keep walking, Trig. Don't do anything excitable."

The idea was to keep things moving. Grofield said, "Walter, walk on over to the corner over there, by the other door. Trig, walk on over to the truck."

Trig went. He walked slowly, to show he wasn't being pushed around.

Grofield turned his attention back to Walter. "The three outside," he said. "Hal and Pete and Andy. Will they be coming to the stockroom?"

"To get more goods to bring out front, yes."

"Fine. Come along with me, Walter."

Hughes stayed back in the first room, by the door. Grofield and Walter went into the stockroom, a long high-ceilinged area piled high with boxes and cartons, some of the stacks reaching up eight or nine feet and forming aisles in between.

There were double swinging doors leading out to the store, with a small window at eye level in each. Grofield peered through one of these, saw the store brightly lit but none of the clerks visible, and turned back to look at the stockroom and set the scene.

"Walter," he said, after a minute, "you sit over there on those bags of dog food. Go ahead."

Walter went over, puzzled but obedient, and sat down. He was now about eight feet from the swinging doors, and clearly visible to anyone who'd come through there. He was sitting to the left of the doors, toward the other room, where Hughes was waiting.

Grofield nodded, satisfied, and went to stand against the wall to the right of the doors. "Now, Walter," he said, "as each of them comes in, I want you to say his name, and then say, 'There's a problem. We have to do what these people say.' Got it?"

Walter repeated what Grofield had said.

They had to wait three minutes before any of the clerks came back, pushing their stock carts through the swinging doors, but then it went like clockwork. The one called Pete came through first. Walter gave him the line, Pete took in the hood and the machine gun, and Grofield sent him over to the farther door, where Hughes picked him up—like a bucket brigade, it was—and sent him on to the truck. There, Barnes kept an eye on him while Tebelman lashed him and stashed him with the rest.

Andy came through a minute after Pete, and followed the same assembly line and then Hal.

W

ALTER went through the assembly line, Grofield and then Hughes following him. Grofield left the machine gun leaning against the wall just inside the building, and while Barnes watched Tebelman tie the blindfolded Walter, Grofield and Hughes took the ropes off that were holding the plywood against the end of the truck. They picked the plywood up and carried it down the length of the truck and out through the rear entrance, having to tilt it at a diagonal to get it through.

The door into the stockroom was an even tighter squeeze. They couldn't get it through at all at first. Grofield said, "This is the one part we didn't case ahead of time."

"How could we?" Hughes asked. He sounded irritable. "Hold on a second. Hold the plywood."

One edge rested on the floor. Grofield held the plywood vertical while Hughes took a screwdriver from his hip pocket and took the door off. That gave them the extra inch they needed, and they slid the plywood through, listening to it scrape at top and bottom.

Barnes and Tebelman joined them. They had closed the rear door of the truck and shut the overhead door leading to the loading

platform. Tebelman was carrying Grofield's machine gun and four aprons.

In the stockroom, they took off their hoods and jackets and donned the aprons. They were all wearing white shirts, and now they were supermarket clerks. Grofield this evening had sideburns and a bushy mustache, and had done a light shop job on his nose and the lines under his eyes. He didn't want to be on stage some night, in his other profession, and have a member of the audience suddenly jump up and shout, "You were one of the robbers at the Food King Supermarket in Belleville, Illinois!" Aside from anything else, it would beat hell out of his timing. And characterization.

There was much less trouble getting the plywood through the double swinging doors. Grofield, walking backwards, said, "You got the hammer?"

Hughes, carrying the other end, said, "Steve has," and Tebelman said, "I've got it right here."

A large sheet of poster paper covered the face of the plywood, and it made small flapping noises now as Grofield and Hughes carried it down the aisle toward the front of the store. Tebelman and Barnes had gone the other way, to the produce section, where they knew the store kept its ladder.

With a small and unobtrusive camera, Steve Tebelman had taken several pictures in this store in the last few days, a few of them of the advertising poster stop the safe, the one touting the store's own brand of canned fruits and vegetables. That poster had been recreated with perfect attention to detail on the paper stretched over the face of the piece of plywood.

Grofield and Hughes carried the plywood down to the front of the store, between the first cash register and the manager's office, through the little gate in the wrought iron fence keeping customers away from the safe, and at last leaned it against the wall of the manager's office facing the windows and the parking lot outside. There were three cars in the lot, belonging to the clerks working here tonight. The sign on the wall of the safe showed the sign advertising specials, said, "No change. Same as when I drove in."

Grofield looked at his watch. "We've got about five minutes before that sheriff's car is due again."

"Plenty of time," Hughes said, and Barnes and Tebelman showed up with the ladder.

"Steve, give me the hammer."

"Right here."

Hughes took the hammer. Out of his shirt pocket he brought two wide-headed nails, and gave one to Grofield. Meantime, Barnes and Tebelman set up the ladder next to the window in front of the safe. Tebelman went away to the right and took one of the signs down from one of the other windows and brought it back with him. Barnes went up three steps on the ladder, and started to fuss with the signs. Tebelman put his back against the window and stood there between window and ladder, holding the sign outstretched between his hands. Tebelman, Barnes, the ladder, and the sign Tebelman was holding, all combined with the two signs already pasted to the window, made it impossible for anyone outside to see the safe.

Grofield and Hughes picked up the piece of plywood and moved it over in front of the safe. Two metal bars had been fastened to the back of the plywood, at about waist height, one extending two inches out the left side, the other extending two inches out the right. There was a hole in each. While Grofield held the plywood in place, Hughes hammered a nail through the hole in the bar on the left and into the partition where it began at the edge of the safe. Then he handed the hammer to Grofield, who drove the other nail in on the other side.

Tebelman said, "Hurry up, my arms are getting tired."

Barnes, who was looking out the window between the signs, said, "There's nobody out there at all."

Grofield picked a corner of the poster paper with a fingernail, and then ripped a length of paper off the plywood. Hughes ripped some more off, and the two of them stripped all the paper away. Underneath, Tebelman had painted a lifelike imitation of the front of the safe. Standing directly in front of it, one could see it was a painting, but somebody in a car out in the parking lot wouldn't give it a second thought.

"Done," Hughes said, and went away to put the sign back in the window he'd taken it from.

Barnes said, "I'll get my tools. You boys go to work." He folded up the ladder and took it away.

Hughes and Grofield went back around the manager's office to the corner where the potato chips were displayed. They took the racks off the wall and put them out of the way and then, with hammer and screwdriver, began to remove the partition separating them from the back of the safe.

They had it half stripped away by the time Barnes and Tebelman came back, Barnes carrying a crowbar in one hand and a toolkit in the other.

Tebelman said, "Pity you can't just go in through the back."

"The door's best," Barnes said. "Even with the pulling we got to do, it'll wind up a lot faster. You don't know how they build the sides of these boxes."

"I'll take your word for it," Tebelman said. Grofield said, "Could I borrow your bar for a minute?"

"Sure." Barnes handed it over, and Grofield hit a two-by-four horizontal support three times. The third time, it popped loose at the left end. "There."

Hughes grabbed the loose end of the two-by-four, pulled it outward away from the safe, and the final third of the partition sprang free. He and Tebelman dragged it down the side aisle out of the way. They were being careful not to leave any of their debris where it could be seen from out front.

Grofield had to use the crowbar again—a two-by-four was nailed to the floor within the partition. Grofield pried it up a bit at a time, and finally Barnes and Hughes together pulled it upward until it snapped at a point to the right of the section they were clearing.

And there was the back of the safe, black metal, hulking, looking as though it weighed a ton and would be neither breached nor moved.

Tebelman said, "That sheriff's car is gonna come around. We'd better show people stocking shelves."

"You people get to it," Barnes said. "I'll get this baby ready to open."

Grofield and Tebelman went up to the front of the supermarket and pretended they were working on the shelves which faced the glass front of the building. The sheriff's car passed twice without noticing anything wrong.

It was not until the sheriff's car had passed a third time that Hughes called to them and told them the safe had been opened. They followed Hughes behind the partition and saw the open safe, stripped open like a can of sardines. Inside there were all sorts of paper and, neatly stacked on the shelves, the cash with the supermarket wrappers around them. The haul was a good one, over sixty grand. They stuffed the money into two paper bags and prepared to leave.

They left everything temporarily in the stock room while they unloaded Walter and the other clerks from the back of the truck. Working in pairs, they picked each of the clerks up and carried him out of the truck and into the first room in the building, leaving the five of them sitting in a row along the rear wall. Then they carried the money and tools and guns into the back of the truck and Hughes closed them in and drove them away from there.

There was no talking this time. Grofield spent the time thinking about what he would do with fifteen thousand dollars. A summer of stock could eat ten thousand with no trouble, but the other five was for a vacation. He'd take Mary somewhere, maybe for three weeks. Not now, it was too close to the beginning of the season. In September or October, when the season was over. This time, he would definitely set five thousand aside for a vacation. By September they would both need one.

"MR. Martin?"

Grofield, on his way by the front desk, stopped and looked at the clerk, feeling suddenly very wary. Barnes' car radio hadn't reported the robbery as yet, but it was ten minutes to three and the alarm should be going out pretty soon. And thirteen thousand dollars was in the attache case dangling from his right hand. He had given his gun back to Hughes.

He moved toward the desk, walking as though his shoes were glass. "Yes?"

"There have been several calls from your wife."

Grofield frowned. "My wife?" Mary knew where he was, naturally, and what name he was using, but she didn't know what the job was or when it would take place.

The clerk had some small papers in his hands. "She called first this morning at nine o'clock, and several times during the day. She wishes you to phone her at once, and she says it is urgent."

"Yes, thank you," he said. "I'll call her."

Grofield took the elevator up, hurried down the hall to his room—had something happened to Dan? because of Dan?—and when he walked in Myers waved a gun at him and lamely said, "Hello, there, Alan. Nice to see you again."

Grofield shut the door. Myers was smiling, pleased with himself, but they guy with him looked mean-tempered and stupid. He had a gun in his hand, too, but he hardly needed one. He was huge, with the body of a heavy-weight and the head of a cabbage. He said, "About time the bastard got here."

"I'm sure Alan's been busy," Myers said pleasantly. "Planning, planning. A caper is not that easy a thing, Harry. By the way, Harry Brock, Alan Grofield; Alan, Harry. Sit down, Alan."

Grofield put the briefcase on the floor at the foot of the bed and sat down on the bed. Myers was in the room's only chair, and Harry Brock was standing, leaning against the wall beside the window.

Grofield said, "What now, Myers?"

"A visit, Alan. Why be ungracious? In the first place, I owe you thanks. You talked sense to that idiot Leach. If it hadn't been for you, he might still have been carting me around, like the ancient mariner with his albatross. So I thank you."

"You're welcome," Grofield said, sourly. He was thinking he'd made a mistake with Dan, he should have kept his mouth shut.

"Besides which," Myers said, "I must admit I know you're involved with a caper somewhere around here. And you could use a couple of good men, couldn't you?"

Grofield thought, *I wouldn't use you to collect tickets.*

"Tell us about this caper of yours. When's it going to be?" Myers said again.

"It is," Grofield said. "It's a washout."

"Oh, nonsense. You've stayed here a week already. You wouldn't do that unless you were planning a job. Where's the job to be?"

The one advantage Grofield had was that Myers knew most jobs were planned far from where they would take place. Myers would be unlikely to guess that this job was right here in the St. Louis area, and was already done.

Tell him a lie? Certainly. Tell him a hundred lies. But not too easily, no point making him suspicious.

Grofield said, "I can't tell you things like that. I have partners, they wouldn't like it."

"Well, now you have two more partners." "I could bring you around tomorrow," Grofield said. "You could talk to them yourself. But I shouldn't tell you anything tonight."

"Now why would they let us in," Myers said, "unless we already knew the whole thing? Why split with us unless the alternative was to scrub the job? Come on, Alan, you're going to tell us about it before any of us leave this room, so why not do it now?"

Brock said, "Maybe the plans are in that case he brought in with him?"

A sudden siren erupted outside somewhere, interrupting him. Myers looked surprised, and then as the siren receded he grinned and said, "Maybe somebody's working in this town tonight." He grew serious again. "Now are you going to tell us about this job you got lined up or not?"

Grofield was sweating lightly, he could feel it. Improvisation had never been his strong suit, he'd always preferred to work from a prepared script. The caper he was going to make up wouldn't emerge very well.



"The class is only up to chapter two, 'Pre-teen Social Graces' . . . I'm up to chapter 97, 'Wife-swapping'."

Another siren sounded outside, farther away. Myers turned his head to listen to it, his expression growing thoughtful. Grofield watched Myers' face, sensing what was going on in the brain behind there, and knowing what it meant when Myers' eyes moved and he looked at the attaché case on the floor at the foot of the bed.

Grofield threw an ashtray at Brock and a pillow at Myers, jumped to his feet, grabbed the attaché case, and ran for the door. It took him too long one-handed to get the door open, and both of them were swarming all over him. He kicked and punched, lunging himself backward through the doorway, knowing it was more than the money involved now; Myers would kill him.

Myers had both arms wrapped around the attaché case, and Harry Brock was trying to get both arms wrapped around Grofield. Finally there was no longer any choice; Grofield let go the handle of the attaché case. Myers jerked backward into Brock; Grofield tore his arm loose from Brock's fist; and while the two of them in the room sorted themselves out, Grofield ran like hell down the hotel corridor.

GROFIELD walked into the theater at four in the afternoon, and stood for a second just inside the door, looking down past the rows of seats at the stage. A white sheet was draped over the sofa. Grofield had called here last night, after getting away from Myers and Brock; the conversation had been short, neither of them wanting to say much over the phone, but Grofield had understood from things she said and didn't say that Dan Leach was dead. She had lived here for thirty-four hours now with that thing under the sheet.

Grofield hurried down the aisle and went up the steps to the stage. Mary was on none of the sets, nor in either of the wings. Grofield didn't want to call her name; he didn't know why, exactly, but he just didn't want to shout in here right now. He thought it would be bad for Mary.

He found her in the female dressing room, a long narrow room under the stage with one stone wall. She was sitting at the make-up table, doing nothing, and when he walked into the room their eyes met in the mirror and he saw no expression in her face at all. He'd never seen her face so completely empty before, and he thought, *That's what she'll look like in her coffin.* And he ran across the room to pull her to her feet and clasp his arms tightly around her; he didn't see her in danger of freezing to death and he had to keep her warm.

At first she was unmoving and unalive, and then she began violently to tremble, and finally she began to cry, and then she was all right.

They were together fifteen minutes before they started to talk. Grofield had made soothing noises and said words to reassure her before that, but there had been no real talk. Now she said, "I don't want to tell you about it. Is it all right?"

"It's all right," she was sitting again, and he was on one knee in front of her, raising his hands up and down her arms, still as though trying to keep her warm and alive.

"I don't want to talk about it ever."
"You don't have to. I know what happened. I don't need the details."

She looked at him, and her expression was odd—intense, and somehow sardonic. She said, "You know what happened?"

He didn't understand. They'd come here, Myers and Brock. They'd killed Dan Leach. They'd forced Mary to tell them where Grofield was and what name he was using. What else?

She saw her face change when he realized what else, and she closed her eyes. Her whole

face closed, it seemed; it went back to the expression he'd seen when he'd first walked in. "They raped me, Alan," she sobbed.

He pulled her close again. "It's all right," he said. "All right."

They buried Dan behind the barn in the morning. Later that day, Grofield sent Mary to her sister's in New York. She would be safe there while he went about what he knew had to be done.

First, he let the word out along the grapevine that he was interested in finding Myers. Then, he bought himself two guns, a Smith and Wesson Terrier which he would carry on himself, and a Colt which he would clip under the dashboard of his Chevy.

A few days and several cash bribes later, he got a tip from a stoolie that Myers was in in Monmouth, New York casing a job. Grofield knew what the job was—the same brewery job Myers had proposed to him and Dan in Las Vegas. It was obvious then that Myers had finally found six hoods insane enough to try his mad caper. But he had to admit, that to some who didn't give a damn about killing a guard or two in the process of a job, a cool million would be very tempting.

He had gotten the tip off on a Wednesday. If Myers was going to do the job, he figured it would be on Friday since that was when the payroll shipment came in. That left him a day to get to Monmouth and find Myers.

IT was raining in Monmouth. Grofield sat hunched behind the wheel of his Chevy Nova and thought about warmth and sunlight. And Mary. And the theater. And money. And Myers. And that goddam brewery across the street.

With the windows rolled up, they steamed up. With them down, cold wet wind came in. Grofield compromised—opened the vent across the way on the passenger side. The seat was getting wet over there, the windows on that side of the car were clear of steam—but not of raindrops and running water—and the windshield and side windows over by Grofield were steamed up.

So was Grofield. This was Thursday, and he remembered from Myers' briefing back in Las Vegas weeks ago that Friday was payday around here. Which meant Myers was going to hit tomorrow.

And if he was really here, where the hell was he? You can look at photographs and maps and charts, that whole suitcase full of counterparty stuff he had to tote around with him, only up to a certain point, and after that, on a spot where you had to do as you go around and actually stand in front of the place you were going to rob and look at it. Sooner or later, you would have to look at it.

So where were they? Grofield used his sleeve to remove steam from the side window for the twentieth time, and looked across the cobblestone street at the high brick wall surrounding the brewery building. There was a gate across there, and two armed private guards in gray uniforms were on that gate, and they had the kind of conscientiousness that can only come from having a paranoid employer. They checked the identification of every vehicle driver and every pedestrian to go in or out of that gate over there—every one. In the rain. Including the drivers of their own goddam delivery trucks. In the rain.

It was a part of Myers' scheme that the gang would get through that gate in a fire engine, responding to an incendiary blast that Myers would have previously set somewhere inside the building. Myers was going on the assumption that the gate guards wouldn't check IDs on firemen responding to a fire, but now that he'd seen those gate guards in action Grofield wasn't so sure he was right. And even if he was, how about that previously set blaze? An incendiary bomb with a time mechanism was a simple thing to prepare

and would be a simple thing to hide somewhere in the building the day before, but just how did Myers expect to get in there to hide it? He couldn't pull the fire engine stunt twice, that just wouldn't work. So he'd have to do something else. Besides which, he or some members of the gang he'd put together were going to have to come down here and look at this building, they just had to. So where were they?

In the rain, he almost missed them. If Harry Brock with a chauffeur's cap on hadn't stuck his head out of the driver's window of the Rolls Royce to say something to the gate guards Grofield wouldn't have seen him at all. A chauffeur-driven Rolls had rolled up the cobblestone street and turned at the gate. Grofield had noticed the chauffeur behind the wheel and the dim figure in the back and had taken it for granted he was looking at the person who owned all this. But then, when the Rolls stopped rolling and Harry Brock stuck his head out in the rain with his chauffeur's cap on to say something to the guard, Grofield became suddenly alert.

So that was Myers in the back seat, was it? The bastard was bold, that was one thing you had to give him. Myers wasn't the type to grab a lunchbucket and try to slouch in past the guard like a workman; no, his style was to show up in a Rolls Royce.

Whatever the story Myers had to go with the Rolls, it was good enough to get him through. Grofield watched the guard and Harry Brock talk, watched the guard go into his office for a minute, and watched him come back out into the rain and wave Harry Brock through. And the Rolls disappeared inside.

Myers and Brock were inside for nearly an hour, and there was no trouble when they left. Grofield started the Chevy and followed. Because of the rain he had to stay fairly close, but he didn't expect that to cause any problems. He was sure Myers felt safe and pleased with himself.

The Rolls took a turn a block from the brewery and headed toward the middle of town. Monmouth was an old town with an Indian name just a few miles from the Canadian border. It was built over and around several small but steep hills, and even the main downtown street was at a steep slant. There were no streets wider than two lanes, plus parking lanes, and the result was a perpetual daytime jam-up in the downtown area.

THE Rolls now headed directly into Clinton Street, the town's main shopping street, where traffic was stop-and-go and it could be a little hard to travel on one's block. Grofield, three cars back, composed his soul in patience and hummed melodies to the rhythm of the windshield wiper.

The Colonial Hotel was on the main street, and that was where the Rolls stopped. Myers got out, wearing a black raincoat and a black hat, and hurried across the rainy sidewalk and into the hotel. The Rolls moved on.

Was Myers actually staying at the local hotel? It was incredible the number of things the man was doing wrong. Grofield remembered Myers claiming he'd cleared the job with the local mob up here—another weird idea—wondered if Myers thought that made him immune from the normal laws of police activity.

He would have preferred to stay with Myers now, to stake out the hotel and see what Myers did next, but there was nothing in this crowded rainy street to do with the car. Having no choice in the matter, he went on following the Rolls.

It took another quarter of an hour to get clear of downtown—it was like pulling yourself loose from an octopus—and then the Rolls turned off onto a narrow unnumbered blacktop road that took them quickly out of

town and away from all other traffic. Grofield hung farther and farther back, hoping the rain would keep Brock from seeing too clearly in his rear view mirror. He knew that Brock was more stupid than Myers, but he suspected Brock was the more professional of the two. It would be Brock who would think to check the possibility that he was being followed.

Grofield wasn't sure, but he had the feeling they were now traveling north. If so, they were on their way to Canada, which was only about three miles north of town.

They traveled seven miles, taking another right turn after four, onto an even smaller and narrower road. They were traveling mostly past woods now, with an occasional patch of cleared farmland and an even more occasional building. There were no advertising posters, no road markers. It was impossible to tell which country they were in.

Grofield and the Rolls were the only cars in sight, and Grofield was hanging back so far now that most of the time he couldn't see the Rolls at all. He would crest a rise, come out the other end of a curve, and catch a glimpse of the Rolls up ahead. The occasional glimpse was all he wanted right now.

But the result was, he very nearly missed the turn. He came around a curve, and ahead there was a farm flanking the road. The house, on the left, had a broken chimney some time ago, the charred sticks poking up in the rain, abandoned and desolate. The barn, on the right, had a sagging roof and some missing siding, but was mostly still in one piece. A dirt track led from the road through a gap in a crumbling fence across to the doorless wide entry way into the barn, and it was only the tail lights glowing because Brock had his foot on the brake that attracted Grofield's attention. He caught a glimpse of the two red dots inside the darkness of the barn, and quickly accelerated to be absolutely sure that was Brock in there. The road rose some half a mile of road twisting and turning through a valley ahead, and it was empty of traffic.

Fine. Out of sight of the barn, Grofield turned the Chevy around and headed back. Up on the rise, he saw the barn now on his left, with the beige trunk of an automobile now jutting out the entrance. But the Rolls was black.

Grofield slowed as he went past the barn, peering at it through the rain. The driver's door of the beige car was standing open, with no one behind the wheel. Which meant Brock was in there jockeying the Rolls around, having moved the other car out of his way.

There was no question in Grofield's mind but that Brock would be heading back toward Monique now. He drove along slowly, watching the rearview mirror, and all at once the beige car splashed into view. Grofield eased off the accelerator, slowing even more, and the beige car shot by him, arcing a sheet of water across the windshield.

It was a Buick. It had Quebec plates. Brock was at the wheel, alone in the car.

Grofield let him go on out of sight, and he didn't catch up again until after the turn back onto the road that led to town. There was an occasional car or milk truck on the road; Grofield had to pass three vehicles before seeing the Buick up ahead once again.

And damned if they didn't go downtown again; Myers must have all the time in the world.

Myers wasn't alone. When they got opposite the hotel, Myers came out with two other men, and they trotted across the street and got into the Buick. Grofield, four cars back, was pretty sure he knew neither of the other two.

The Buick kept on retracing the route of the Rolls, on out of downtown and past the brewery once more. It slowed down so much while going by the brewery that a Mustang

behind it honked angry, Grifield supposed the other two were being shown the place in person for the first time.

They went out of town to the south now, Grofield again hanging back farther and farther as the traffic swirled, and after three miles the Buick made a right turn onto a dirt road that meandered away toward a farmhouse. Grofield, coming slowly along the blacktop road, saw the Buick bouncing along the dirt rut, and knew he couldn't possibly follow them in there without being noticed. Not in the daytime.

He drove on, and as he passed the turnout the Buick waited the trees and disappeared.

Grofield went back to his cabin in a nearby motel. He slept for four hours, then freshened up. At two A.M. in the morning, he drove back to the dirt road where the Buick had turned off under a heavy rain.

Parking his Chevy several hundred feet down the dirt road, he approached a two storied-farmhouse. All the lights were out. He passed the house and took a look in the barn behind the house. Inside was a shiny-red fire engine. He smiled. Now I got you Myers, he thought.

He heard steps coming toward him. Quickly, he flattened himself against the side of the barn. A man with a lit flashlight was approaching. He was alone. Grofield smiled. *Luck is with me, he thought. One man alone. That's all I need.* As the man approached the doors of the barn, Grofield pulled the Terrier out of his coat pocket. As the man passed by him, Grofield lunged and brought the Terrier down on the man's head. The body went limp and fell to the ground. Grofield picked him up and carried him to

Grofield watched from the hayloft as the two hoods tore at each other's throats . . .

the Chevy. After he had settled the body in the back seat, he drove back to his motel cabin.

He didn't have to worry about anyone seeing him carry a body into his cabin. No one would be out in this rain, and besides, he had purposely chosen a well isolated cabin just for this sort of thing.

GROFIELD watched the groaning man from the bed in his motel cabin. The hood was slowly coming to. Grofield was anxious for the man to become fully aware of where he was. He needed some questions answered and he needed the answers fast.

He anticipated a hard time in getting the answers, but he really shouldn't have worried. When faced with the muzzle of the Terrier, aimed between his eyes, the hood was glad to cooperate with Grofield and tell him all he knew.

As Grofield listened to the man spilling his guts, he agreed that the brewery job was going to be pulled exactly as Myers had detailed it in Las Vegas. Six men were involved. A time bomb, planted earlier that day when Grofield saw Harry and Myers enter the brewery in the Rolls, would go off tomorrow afternoon. The six men would rush in on a fire engine and break into the safe. They would leave again with the fire engine, then dump it. They then would switch to two cars stashed nearby and split up. Harry, Myers and another man would switch to the Buick—the one Harry had been driving last night—and then switch to the Rolls in the old barn, and cross the border into Canada. The guy spilling his guts to Grofield and the

two other men would take the other car and meet Myers across the border. Myers' car would be carrying the loot.

After the man had stopped talking, Grofield tied him up and locked him in the closet. Now he could lay his plans. He was going to wait for Myers in the abandoned barn where the Rolls was stashed. Grofield wasn't worried about Myers scratching the job when he found one of his men missing. After all the plans had been set, Myers would go ahead. And knowing, the criminal mind as he did, Grofield knew that Myers would believe that the missing man had turned chicken and turned tail.

Later that morning, he drove back to the old abandoned barn where the Rolls Royce had been stashed, climbed up into the hayloft and patiently waited for Myers to turn up.

TWO thirty-five. A slight drizzle had started, polka-dotted the surface of the road. Grofield, up in the hayloft, looked at his watch, looked out the opening in the wall at the road, and wondered if he'd made a mistake somewhere.

A car was coming. Grofield glimpsed it a long way off, rounding a curve two or three hundred yards here, up here in this hayloft he had a pretty good view of the countryside, and one small piece of distant road could be seen down past a farmer's field in that direction.

The right car? It had been moving fast, and it seemed to be the right color. The uncertain drizzle didn't affect vision the way yesterday's downpour had, but the distance, the car's speed, and the narrow slice of visible road all combined to make him less than completely sure.

It was the right car. It came around the final curve less than half a minute after his first glimpse of it, and it was being driven very very hard. The curve topped a rise, and the beige Buick came off the rise with all four tires for one split second off the ground, as though a stunt driver were at the wheel. When it hit, it slid badly, rocking from side to side on its springs as the man at the wheel fought to keep the thing under control. He wasn't really a stunt driver after all.

Grofield fully expected the damn thing to crash into the barn like a bowling ball into the pins, and he braced himself to try to leap clear of the wreckage when the barn collapsed.

But then the Buick's brakes squealed, the car slid badly again to the right, and it came to a stop sideways to the barn door, no more than two feet from a collision. Despite the light rain, the arrival managed to raise a cloud of dirt, which slowly settled on the Buick's windshield and hood.

Meanwhile, the driver's door burst open and Harry Brock lunged out yelling at the top of his lungs: "—think you're so damn smart, you can drive it yourself! Drive the goddam Rolls yourself! Do every goddam thing yourself! You're smart, you are!"

The Buick was so close to the barn that when Myers jumped out the passenger side he wound up within the barn doorway and out of Grofield's sight. But Grofield could hear him: "You got blood on me, you lunatic! Driving like that!"

"You had to kill him in the car! Smart again!"

Myers came running around the front of the Buick, not to attack Brock physically but to shout at him from closer range. "Now everything's my fault! I did my part!"

Yes, you did. You're full of hot air, Andy, nothing but hot air.

Myers obviously trying to get control of himself. "Harry, we can't stand around here arguing with each other. There'll be roadblocks up, there'll be police all over the place. Harry, we've got to switch the plates

and put the Buick in the barn and blow it up, and we don't have time for all this."

"Do it yourself," Brock said, and turned his back on Myers to walk away across the grass, paralleling the road. "I'm done taking orders from a jerk like you."

"Harry, we need each other!"

"I need you like I need a hole in the head," Brock said, turning around to put his hands on his hips and glare at Myers. It was a strangely womanish gesture, making him look like a fishwife in a street brawl.

Myers went running after him again. "Harry, we can't waste the time!" Brock made a disgusted pushing-away gesture with both arms, and turned his back again.

Myers caught up with him, and reached out to grab his arm. "Harry, listen to me, we can't—"

Brock spun around and punched Myers in the face. Myers staggered backward, lost his balance, and fell heavily on his rump. He sat there, obviously dazed, and Brock stood over him and said, "You don't touch me, you big talking jerk. What are you good for, anyway? You just scared everybody up. And I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to leave you right here. Give me my half of the money, I'm taking the Rolls. You can keep the Buick, with the plates. And you can have George, too, and do what you want with him."

Brock had decided to help himself to whatever Myers was carrying on his person. He stood over Myers, bending down to poke his hands into Myers' coat pockets, and all at once Myers moved, a sudden blur of confusion motion—Brock yelped, a weird high-pitched sound, and hopped backward on one leg. Blood was spurting from high on his other leg, very near the groin, streaming out through a new ragged slit in his trousers.

"You cut me! You cut me!"

"You son of a bitch, I'll do better than that," Myers got to his feet, a little shaky, waving the knife in his right hand. Where it had blood on it, it was dull, but where raindrops had landed on it it glinted.

Brock hobbled away in a frantic circle, blood backwards, clutching the top of his thigh with one hand, trying to do it, he cried. His voice was still high and strange.

"Stand still, Harry," Myers said, stalking him. "I'll show you what I'm trying to do." And he lunged forward, aiming the knife at Brock's stomach.

Brock flailed at the knife with his hands, in panic and fear, and was very lucky. Both hands were cut, but the knife suddenly flipped away from Myers' grip, and the tide had turned again.

Myers leaped for the fallen knife. Brock, standing on his good leg, swung the hurt one as though trying for a fifty-yard field goal. His shoe caught Myers high on the chest and sent him sailing in a complete somersault through the air. Myers landed on his back, and rolled, and Brock came up with the knife.

Myers ran into the barn. Grofield, trying to see, stuck his head as far out the hayloft opening as he could, but he saw a man's pelt within the barn. And now Brock was going in after him, limping badly, holding his wounded leg with one hand and holding the knife out in front of him with the other.

The next part, Grofield didn't see. He stayed crouched in the hayloft, the Terrier in his hand, watching the ladder he'd come up and listening to the sounds from down below.

Silence for a few seconds. Another rush of scuffling and footsteps and panting, but no scream this time. And then silence. And then a faint, terrified, screaming, "No!" Metal clanged against metal, there was running, something metal falling, and then vibration in Grofield's feet, and Grofield started, staring at the ladder. Somebody was coming up.

Myers. He was bleeding from two long cuts

on the face, his clothing was torn, he looked as though he had other cuts on his body, and he scrambled practically all the way up to the hayloft before he saw Grofield squatting there, pointing the Terrier at him. Then he yelled, not like a man who's been hurt but like a man who's seen a ghost, and he shoved himself backwards out into the air away from the ladder, and plummeted out of sight.

Did that growl come from Harry Brock? A growl of satisfaction and victory. Grofield hunched himself smaller, and didn't move.

Below, Myers was babbling at the top of his voice. "It's Grofield, Harry! It's Grofield up there. We need each other. We've got to help each other. We've got to get Grofield! Harry! Harrrreeeeee!"

The next sounds were chunky, and the silence after them seemed moist. In that silence, Harry Brock said, "Grofield? You really up there, Grofield?"

Come and look, Grofield thought, pointing the Terrier at the ladder. "Well, let's make sure," Brock said, down below. "Let's be on the safe side."

A crash shook the barn. Another one. The top of the ladder, which had been nailed in place, fell away.

"There," Brock said, down below. "You up there, Grofield? You don't have to say anything. You're up there, you can stay there." Grofield didn't move.

"Now, you son of a bitch," Brock said, "where's the money?" So he was searching what was left of Myers. Grofield thought of creeping forward to the inside edge of the loft and looking down into the barn, but was afraid to move. This floor was noisy. Neither Myers nor Brock had used a gun, but Brock might have one. A sound from up here, and Brock would know exactly where Grofield was. A bullet coming up through the floor between Grofield's legs was not a pleasing thought.

What was happening down below? Small sounds, undecipherable. Grofield waited, and didn't realize what Brock had in mind until he heard the Buick door slam out front. The passenger side door, facing the barn wall, had been opened by Myers when he'd jumped out of the car.

Now Grofield did move, and fast. He straightened, turned, ran one long pace, and jumped feet first out through the hayloft opening.

It was about six feet to the top of the Buick. Grofield landed, the top buckled under him, his shoes slid on the wet metal, and he fell heavily on his hands and knees, facing the rear of the car.

He couldn't get a purchase. He slid backwards despite himself, and knew his legs were dangling down in front of the windshield. The only thing to do was push hard, and slide his whole body down across the windshield and onto the hood.

He stood up on the hood, and stared through the windshield at Brock, who stared back pop-eyed. Grofield pulled his arm up in front of his face, fired at Brock through the windshield, and Brock yelped and heaved himself out of the car on the driver's side.

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Grofield fired at him again as he was getting out and saw the puff on the shoulder of Brock's coat.

But Brock kept moving. He ran away from the car, and Grofield pushed himself off the hood and onto his feet. Turning, he saw Brock go stumbling around the corner of the barn, and made after him.

Brock was on his knees beside the barn, leaning his right shoulder against it, his head bowed. Grofield circled him cautiously, and Brock lifted a very sleepy face. "It was all Myers' fault," he said. He mumbled it, as though he'd been drugged.

Grofield said, "What's the money?"

"In my pocke. Co' pocke."

"A hundred twenty thousand dollars? In your coat pocket?" That, according to Myers, was the size of the payroll at the Northway Brewery.

Surprisingly, Brock began to laugh. The agitation disturbed his balance, and he fell forward onto his face, and was quiet.

Grofield rolled him over, and Brock looked up sleepily. His eyelids were heavy, he was hanging rough time keeping them up. Grofield said, "What's funny? Where's the cool million? Didn't the caper go?"

"They pay by check!" Brock started to laugh again, but it seemed to hurt him, and he just smiled. "They went back to checks," he said sleepily, his smile looking lazy and good-natured. "They couldn't do the cash, they went ba—" His eyes closed.

Grofield poked his shoulder. "What did you get?"

"Twenty-seven hunnan . . ."

"Twenty-seven hundred dollars?"

Brock was snoring.

Grofield went through his coat pockets, and there it was. Twenty-seven hundred dollars, in large bills. Petty cash, probably, the only cash they keep in the place. Six men, a fire engine, three getaway cars—twenty-seven hundred dollars.

"He didn't make sure," Grofield said. He shook his head, and stood up, and Brock stopped snoring. Grofield looked down at him, and he was treating at all. Grofield turned away and went back around to the front of the barn to make sure.

There was nothing in the Buick but a dead body in the back seat. That would be one of the other four men.

There was nothing in the Rolls parked inside the barn except three suitcases in the trunk, and they contained clothing and toilet articles and things like that.

Finally, Myers, Brock had apparently decided to make him leak to death, and had used the knife. And with a pitchfork impaled Myers to the barn wall. It was impossible to search the clothing without getting bloody fingers. Grofield grimaced with distaste as he went through the pockets, and his revulsion was such that he almost missed the money belt entirely. But he found it, and untied it.

It had four compartments. Two of those, on the left side, had been punctured, and were soggy with blood. Grofield didn't open them at all. He opened the other two, on the right side, and there was the money.

His own money. It still had the Food King wrappers on it. The remains of Grofield's piece of the supermarket job. He sat down on the floor and counted it, and there was four thousand, one hundred eighty dollars there. Out of thirteen thousand, three hundred twenty-five that Myers had taken away from him.

"It's something, anyway," Grofield said aloud, and stuffed the money into his pockets. Going across the road and up toward the Chevy, he added twenty-seven hundred and forty-one hundred eighty in his head, and came up with six thousand, eight hundred, and eighty dollars.

"We can open anyway," he said, as he walked back to where he had parked his Chevy.

Pussycat

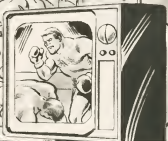
**A TWO-ROUND
KNOCKOUT!**

OR...
SAVED BY THE BELLE!

WOW!
THE NEW
HEAVYWEIGHT
CHAMP, **KNUCKLES
DUMBROWSKI**,
IS SOME **TIGER**
IN THE RING!

HE'S
KNOCKED OUT
EVERY OPPONENT
THAT HE'S FOUGHT!

NO WONDER
I'VE BEEN ASSIGNED
TO **INTERVIEW** HIM
UP AT HIS TRAINING
CAMP!



SCRIPT:
LARRY LIEBER

ART:
JIM MOONEY

THE ONLY
PROBLEM IS
THAT **KNUCKLES
KATES** TO PARLEY
WITH THE PRESS!

BUT I
HAVE A **PLAN**
TO MAKE HIM
**CHANGE HIS
MIND!**

QUIET
SCHOOL

NO
PARKING

MAIN
E. 50TH





LATER, AT THE NEW CHAMP'S TRAINING CAMP...

AW, C'MON, KNUCKLES-- GIVE US A STORY!

AT LEAST ANSWER SOME QUESTIONS!

SORRY, BOYS! I GOT NUTHIN' TO SAY!

GEE, THAT'S A SHAME! I WAS SO ANXIOUS TO MEET YOU THAT I FOR-GOT TO PUT MY DRESS ON!

Y'MEAN YA AIN'T WEARIN' NUTHIN' UNDER THAT COAT!?

'GASP!' BABY, FOR YOU I'LL MAKE AN EXCEPTION!



HEY CHAMP--WHAT ABOUT US?

GO FIND YER OWN BROAD!

I MEAN THE INTERVIEW!

I'M GIVIN' IT TO HER! STEP IN HERE, HONEY!

MY PLAN WORKED!



DIS IS MY GREENHOUSE! YUH LIKE IT?

A GREENHOUSE IN A TRAINING CAMP?

I'M NUTS ABOUT FLOWERS! MATTER A FACT, I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO HAVE THE POSY YOU'RE WEARIN'!

WHY? WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT IT?

IT'S A NIGHT-BLOOMIN' CRYACINTH! THEY'RE VERY RARE!

I'VE GOT LOTS MORE OF THEM AT HOME IN MY WINDOW BOX! I'LL SEND YOU A WHOLE BUNCH IF YOU ANSWER ALL MY QUESTIONS!

IT'S A DEAL!

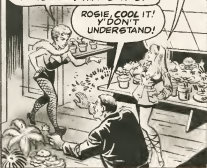


YA AIN'T MAKIN' NO DEALS WITH HER, LOVER BOY!

W-WHO ARE YOU?

I'M HIS GOIL, THAT'S WHO!

ROSIE, COOL IT! Y'DON'T UNDERSTAND!



I CATCH YA WITH A DAME WITHOUT A DRESS--AND Y'SAY I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

WHATT'A Y'THINK I AM--STOOID, OR SOMETHIN'!???



ROSE, THIS GUY'S JUST A REPORTER!

IS THAT WHAT THEY CALL THEM NOW?

SUGAR PIE, TRUST ME! I'M THE CHAMP!

CHAMP? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! IF IT WASN'T FOR NICK, YOU'D STILL BE A THIRD-RATE PUG!

WHAT DOES SHE MEAN? WHO'S NICK?

I'M NICK, THE CHAMP'S MANAGER!

NOW, SCRAM, SISTER! THE INTERVIEW IS OVER!

NO! PUSSYCAT STAYS! IF SHE LEAVES, I WON'T GET THE NIGHT-BLOOMIN' CRYACIN' TH!

WHO CARES? Y'GOT ENUFF POSIES NOW TO START YOUR OWN JUNGLE! BUT THIS IS A VERY RARE ONE!

SO ARE YOU!

OKAY, THE DAME STAYS! BUT I DON'T WANT HER SNOOPIN' AROUND!

ROSE CREDITS NICK FOR THE CHAMP'S SUCCESS—AND NICK DOESN'T WANT ME TO PRY!

SOMETHING FISHY IS GOING ON... AND I'M GONNA GET TO THE BOTTOM OF IT!

LATER, AS KNUCKLES GETS READY FOR A SPARRING SESSION...

WHY THE VITAMIN DRINK? I ONLY TAKE THAT BEFORE A REAL FIGHT!

THERE'LL BE REPORTERS WATCHIN'! I WANT YOU TO BE IN TOP FORM!

SO'S THEY DON'T DISCOVER WHAT A PUG YOU REALLY ARE!

PUSSYCAT WITNESSES AN AMAZING TRANSFORMATION!

HE'S CHANGED FROM A MILD-MANNERED FLOWER LOVER INTO AN AW BEATABLE BRUTE!

IS THAT JUST THE MARK OF A PROFESSIONAL FIGHTER OR IS IT SOMETHING MORE?

POW!

AND AFTER THE SPARRING SESSION...

YOU FOUGHT REAL GOOD!

WHO CARES? ALL I CARE ABOUT ARE MY FLOWERS!

HE'S CHANGED BACK AGAIN!

I MUST SNOOP AROUND, UNTIL I FIND THE ANSWER TO HIS MYSTERIOUS TRANSFORMATION!

THE REPORTERS WERE IMPRESSED!

NO ADMITTANCE, EH? IF I HAD SOMETHING TO HIDE, THAT'S PROBABLY WHERE I'D HIDE IT!

THE DOOR'S LOCKED! BUT THIS RESOURCEFUL REPORTER ALWAYS CARRIES A HAIRPIN FOR JUST SUCH EMERGENCIES!

NO ADMITTANCE

SCANT SECONDS LATER...

WHA-WHO ARE YOU? WHY ARE YOU **TIED UP**?

I'M A **SCIENTIST!** I INVENTED A **SERUM** TO INCREASE HUMAN AGGRESSIVENESS AND STRENGTH!

NICK, THE MANAGER, LEARNED OF MY SERUM, AND HAS BEEN FORCING ME TO PREPARE IT FOR KNUCKLES DUMBROWSKI!

WHY FORCING?

BECAUSE I WOULDN'T DO IT WILLINGLY! THE SERUM PROVES FATAL AFTER REPEATED USAGE!

BUT NICK DOESN'T CARE! BY THE TIME KNUCKLES DIES, NICK WILL BE RICH FROM HAVING BET ON HIM!

OH, MY GOSH! I MUST WARN KNUCKLES RIGHT AWAY!

YOU AIN'T GONNA WARN ANYONE, SISTER!

GRAB HER, MONK!

STRIP HER AND DROP HER THRU THE TRAP DOOR INTO THE RIVER!

...WITH A LEAD WEIGHT AROUND HER FEET, SO SHE'LL STAY THERE!

BUT OUR FAST-THINKING REPORTER SUDDENLY BREAKS AWAY!

SHE'S TRYIN' TO ESCAPE!

NO, SHE'S NOT! SHE'S REACHING FOR THE SERUM!

STOP HER! HURRY!

SORRY, BOYS -- YOU'RE TOO LATE!

AND THEN, ALL PANDEMONIUM BREAKS LOOSE!

POW! THUD! WHOP! THUD!

LATER...

SO YOU SEE, KNUCKLES, THAT WASN'T A VITAMIN DRINK! IT WAS A DEADLY SERUM THAT WON YOUR FIGHTS FOR YOU!

YOU DON'T HAVE THE KILLER INSTINCT TO BE A FIGHTER! YOU'RE BASICALLY A FLOWER CHILD!

BUT IT COSTS A LOT TO BUY EXOTIC PLANTS AND CARE FOR 'EM! HOW'LL I EARN THE MONEY IF I HAFTA GIVE UP PUGILISM?

DON'T WORRY! I'VE ALREADY GOT THAT ALL FIGURED OUT!

THERE'S AN OPENING IN THE "GARDEN" DEPARTMENT ON MY NEWSPAPER!

YOU'D BE JUST PERFECT FOR THE JOB!

FROM, PUG, TO POSIES! IT'LL BE A GAS!

THANKS, PUSSYCAT!

• END •

MAKE BIG MONEY OPERATE HEAVY EQUIPMENT

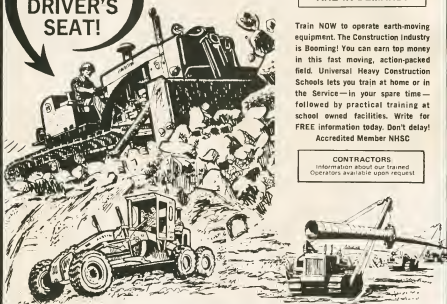
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a true story by John B. Haikey

Starting with borrowed money, in just eight years I gained financial security, sold out at a profit and retired.



"Not until I was forty did I make up my mind that I was going to retire before ten years had passed. I knew I couldn't do it on a salary, no matter how good. I knew I couldn't do it working for others. It was perfectly obvious to me that I had to start a business of my own. But that posed a problem. What kind of business? Most of my money was tied up. Temporarily I was broke. But, when I found the business I wanted I was able to start it on a little over a thousand dollars of borrowed money.

"To pyramid this investment into retirement in less than ten years seems like magic, but in my opinion any man in good health who has the same ambition and drive that motivated me, could achieve such a goal. Let me give you a little history.

"I finished high school at the age of 18 and got a job as a shipping clerk. My next job was butchering at a plant that processed boneless beef. Couldn't see much future there. Next, I got a job as a Greyhound Bus Driver. The money was good. The work was pleasant, but I couldn't see it as leading to retirement. Finally I took the plunge and went into business for myself.

"I managed to raise enough money with my savings to invest in a combination motel, restaurant, grocery, and service station. It didn't take long to get my eyes opened. In order to keep that business going my wife and I worked from dawn to dusk, 20 hours a day, seven days a week. Putting in all those hours didn't match my idea of independence and it gave me no time for my favorite sport—golf! Finally we both agreed that I should look for something else.

"I found it. Not right away. I investigated a lot of businesses offered as franchises. I felt that I wanted the guidance of an experienced company—I wanted to have the benefit of the plans that had brought success to others, plus the benefit of running my own business under an established name that had national recognition.

"Most of the franchises offered were too costly for me. Temporarily all my capital was frozen in the motel. But I found that the Duraclean franchise

offered me exactly what I had been looking for.

"I could start for a small amount—a little over a thousand dollars—and that amount I could borrow. I could work it as a one-man business while getting a start. No salaries to pay. I could operate from my home. No office or shop rent or other overhead. For transportation I could use the trunk of my family car. (I bought the truck later, out of profits.) But, best of all, there was no ceiling on my earnings. I could build a business as big as my ambition and energy dictated. I could put on as many men as I needed to cover any volume. I could make a profit on every man working for me. And, I could build this little by little, or as fast as I wished.

"So, I started. I took the wonderful training furnished by the company. When I was ready I followed the simple plan outlined in the training. During the first period I did all the service work myself. By doing it myself, I could make much more per hour than I had ever made on a salary. Later, I would hire men, train them, pay them well, and still make an hourly profit on their time that made my idea of retirement possible—I had joined the country club and now I could play golf whenever I wished.

"What is this wonderful business? It's Duraclean. And, what is Duraclean? It's an improved, space-age process for cleaning up-holstered furniture, rugs, and tacked down carpets. It not only cleans but it enlivens and sparkles up the colors. It does not wear down the fiber or drive part of the dirt into the base of the rug as machine scrubbing of carpeting does. Instead it *lifts* out the dirt by means of an absorbent dry foam.

"Furniture dealers and department stores refer their customers to the Duraclean Specialist. Insurance men say Duraclean can save them money on fire claims. Hotels, motels, specialty shops and big stores make annual contracts for keeping their carpets and furniture

fresh and clean. One Duraclean Specialist recently signed a contract for over \$40,000 a year for just one hotel.

"Well, that's the business I was able to start for a little over a thousand dollars. That's the business I built up over a period of eight years. And, that's the business I sold out at a substantial profit before I was fifty."

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